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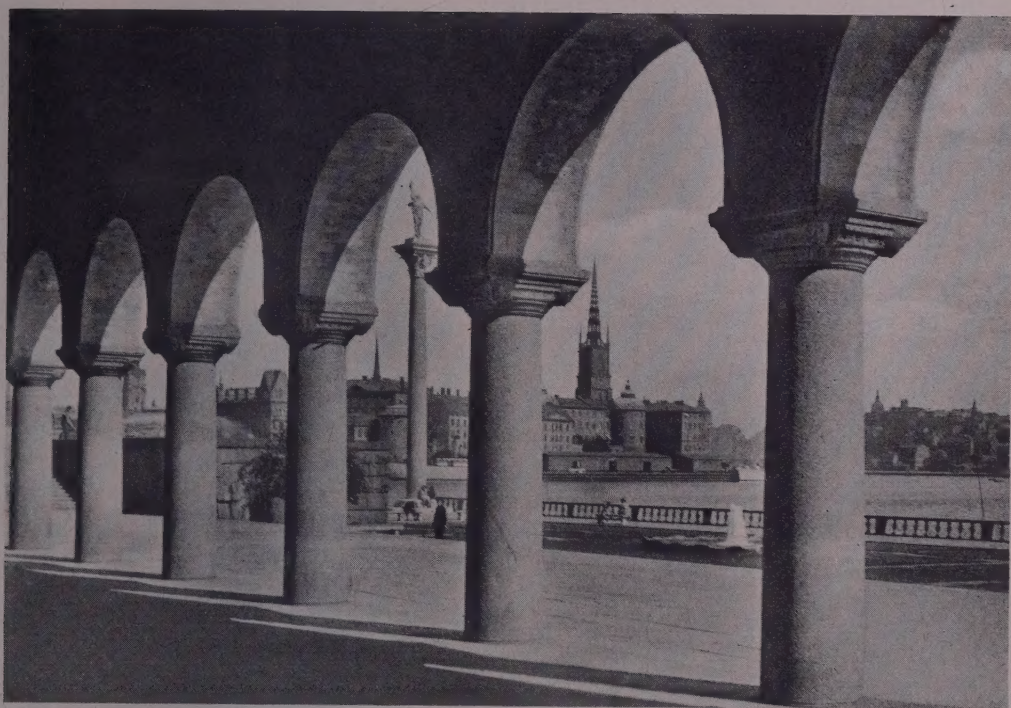
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Stockholm, Old and New



In approaching Sweden (the subject of an article immediately following this set of pictures) a glimpse at the capital, Stockholm, is a useful preliminary, for it epitomizes the spirit of the nation. Stockholm owes much to its site, both in the matter of use and beauty. Its deep harbour, so satisfying to the eye, allows of the passage of large vessels; its wooded cliffs supply height, variety and a most attractive sky-line; its proximity to the Baltic makes of it a great port. It is surrounded by a green countryside. Seen on a summer evening, it has seemed to many a traveller the loveliest city in Europe.

The town was founded in the 13th century by that great figure in Swedish history, Birger Jarl; by the 17th century it had grown enormously in size, wealth and influence and had become the capital of Sweden. Early in the 18th century it suffered a decline, partly owing to the impoverishment which accompanied the wars of Charles XII and partly to outbreaks

of plague. But later in the century, after peace had been made with Russia, it revived, and a period of expansion and development began which has steadily continued.

*Today Stockholm can be described as three towns: first, the old city—that is the islands that used in the Middle Ages to be called 'The City within the Bridges'—of this the Royal Palace is the hub, and here one recaptures the classical atmosphere of Europe in the late 17th and 18th centuries. Secondly, the modern city, containing many big blocks of flats and buildings in 'functional' style, including the new Town Hall. Thirdly, to the east, an area that has been beautifully developed and includes private houses, parks and gardens. In this area, as Mr Belloc pointed out in an article in *The Geographical Magazine* for July 1939, are numerous examples of statuary that may be regarded as among the finest in Scandinavia. The view above is of Riddarholm, seen through the arches of the Town Hall.*





Riddarholm, the oldest part of Stockholm, is one of the islands which formed the medieval 'City within Bridges'. The church in the foreground contains the bones of Gustavus Adolphus and those of all subsequent Swedish sovereigns with the exception of Queen Christina. Behind the island the steep cliff-side houses and the quay of Södermalm can be seen—a quarter inhabited mainly by working-class families



oto Flygtrafik
 (Above) An aerial view which includes Stockholm's most distinctive features: the Royal Palace (in the middle distance); the Town Hall (beyond and above the Palace); tourist steamers at the quaysides. In the distance is the span of the Traneberg Bridge. (Below) View from the roof of a Cooperative restaurant
 nnar Lundh





Gunnar Lu

Energetic building programmes are still being carried out to provide up-to-date homes for the people. (Above) Quayside view of the blocks of flats that form part of the modern city. (Below) In summer one sees everywhere in the streets of Stockholm the white caps of students from Uppsala University

Gunnar Lu



Swedish Panorama

by MAXWELL FRASER

Sweden, as the following brief survey suggests, stands high in the estimation of the world as a centre of enlightenment, culture, industry and progress. What part she may be called upon to play in the European tragedy now being enacted cannot, as these words are written, be foreseen. But the temper of her people may be gauged from the fact that the Swede who most powerfully promoted the cause of peace by founding the Nobel Peace Prize was also the man who discovered dynamite

It is the proud boast of Sweden that its peasantry, alone in Europe, never suffered any form of serfdom; that the country has never been invaded by non-Scandinavian peoples; and has never been conquered, for its submission to Danish and Norwegian Kings was the result of treaties and mutual agreements.

Archaeological finds prove that Sweden was inhabited between ten and fifteen thousand years ago, and it has a history of at least 1200 years as an undivided whole, which goes far to explain the unity of this ancient Kingdom, and the steady progress of its people towards the present exceptionally high standard of living and culture. The virility of the Viking Age has persisted through the centuries, modified only by an elegance and grace introduced from France during the 17th and 18th centuries, which give Swedish culture a distinction of its own.

Furthermore, Sweden, although a thousand miles from north to south, and three hundred miles across at its widest, with an area about half as big again as Great Britain and Ireland, has a population of only 6½ millions. Its vast resources of iron ore, timber and water-power for electricity have brought wealth, and the distribution of industries has enabled the building of towns which cover a large area in proportion to their population, and are never overcrowded.

Many of the houses in these towns stand in their own gardens, and there are wide streets, public gardens and sports grounds—all that goes to make healthy and attractive centres. The majority of such towns are set on the

shores of lakes, or on the sea-coast, so that the sport-loving Swedes can boat and bathe all through the summer. Notwithstanding these advantages, it is usual for town-dwellers, whatever class they may belong to, to have summer homes in the country: by the lake or in the woods, ranging from the country houses of the wealthy to tiny cabins, always spotlessly clean, each in its own small garden. The industrial workers are encouraged, by loans or grants from the Government or the Company for which they work, to build houses for themselves.

The Swedish Crown Prince said, not very long ago, that foreigners praise Sweden too much; but it is difficult for any visitor who has seen the slums, the congested, dirty ports, the ugly manufacturing towns, the vast armies of unemployed, and the countless labour problems of so many other countries, not to believe that Sweden is an earthly paradise. At whatever port the visitor lands in Sweden, it is found to be clean and gay, with an atmosphere of quiet, unhurried efficiency. These ports strike the keynote of the country.

Even industrial towns in Sweden have a charm and individuality which makes them attractive to the tourist. For it is in the building of towns that the Swedes excel. With the exception of the fishing villages of the Bohuslän Peninsula and on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, few Swedish villages have that intimate appeal which makes the English village world-famous; but the natural beauty of their setting redeems them from the commonplace, whilst the standard of



Geoffrey Gilbert

Drottningholm Palace, west of Stockholm, is a favourite residence of the Swedish royal family. Built in 1660, in modified French Renaissance style, it stands in a formal garden, surrounded by a park

comfort and convenience in village households is usually far higher than in England, and the inevitable *Konsum* (Swedish Co-operative Society) shop is delightfully spick and span, well-stocked and managed, even in the remotest districts. Many tourists know only the famous villages of Rättvik and Leksand, on the shores of Lake Siljan in Dalarna, but there are others no less enchantingly situated. An Uppland village, only half an hour from Stockholm, lingers in my memory. I was once asked to "come to lunch in a place where

there are a million flowers"—and found woods, fields and hillsides covered with great masses of wild flowers which scented the air with their fragrance.

Although the public buildings and the main streets of the larger towns are built of stone, the houses on the outskirts are usually of wood, a material invariably used in the smaller country towns and all the villages. The rust-red preservative with which houses are usually painted is characteristic of the Swedish countryside, and looks equally effective against the

snow of winter and the green fields of summer.

In Sweden, a high standard of living is universal, except among small farmers and lumbermen. The homes of even working-class people are equipped with central heating, electric appliances, labour-saving devices and shower baths, and working-class flats in the towns are fitted with modern convenience. Every girl, from the highest to the lowest, is taught domestic science, and to take a pride in her home. Perhaps the most interesting feature of these homes is the furnishing. Manufacturers encourage the best artists to undertake designs, and the people are induced to study their work. Furniture, china, linen, glassware, and even wallpaper, can be ordered by the name of the artist who created the design. In consequence, Swedish homes are almost invariably artistic. Frequently the poorest will save up for one touch of craftsman-

ship in the home, and houses are rarely overcrowded with mediocre decorations. In many homes the womenfolk practice weaving, and delight to design and weave their own curtains, table-cloths and carpets.

The Göta Canal, which links the west coast with Stockholm, is the best known of all the tourist routes in Sweden, as Stockholm is the loveliest of her towns.

Thus it comes about that many visitors to Sweden have merely crossed the country from Göteborg in the west to Stockholm in the east, and have returned home with the impression that there is little variety in the scenery; but in the length of Sweden there are many changes of scene, ranging from the great plains of the extreme south to the vast lakes and wooded hills of the centre, miles of pine-forests farther north, and mountains, rivers, waterfalls and chains of lakes



Oscar Bladh

On Gullholmen Island, a skerry off the coast of Bohuslän, stands a fishing village dating back to the 13th century. Such villages in summer are filled with holiday visitors in search of bathing and yachting



Black Star

The Swedes have a natural affinity with the sea: a young fisherman with his catch

in Lapland. Geologically, Sweden is one of the oldest tracts of land in the world, and its vegetation and fauna are extremely varied, resembling those of England in the south, and becoming more like the Alps in the far north.

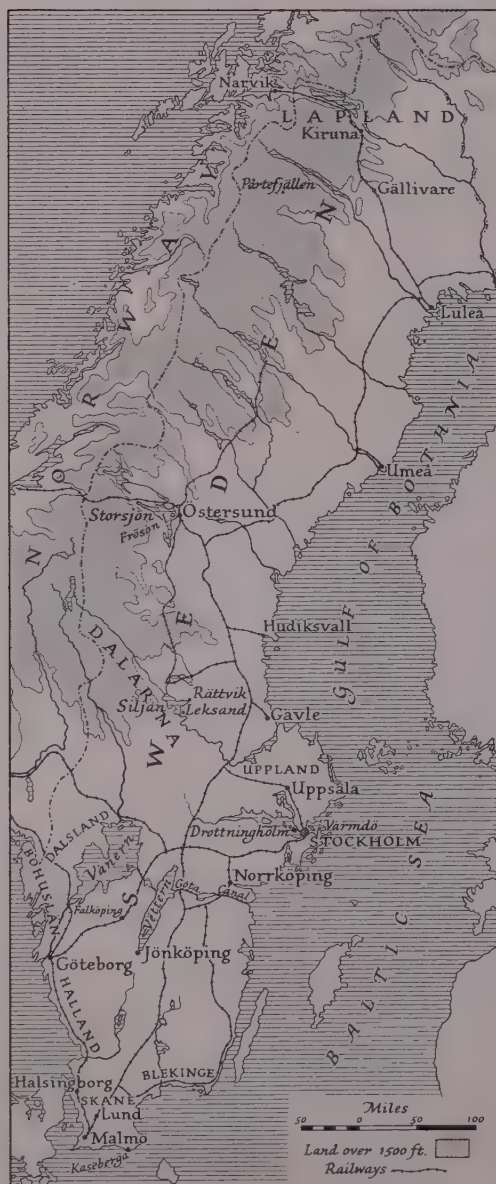
In Skane and the other southerly

provinces, the architecture shows a strong Danish influence, due to the fact that for centuries these provinces were under Danish rule. Life in these provinces approximates closely to life in England: with castles and country houses, marketing centres, bathing resorts and rich agricultural country. In Central Sweden the development has been essentially Swedish, and there are numerous industrial centres. In the far north, modern conditions have failed to touch more than the fringe. The towns are modern and highly developed, but vast areas remain in their natural state. In Lapland, especially, there are enormous districts without road or railway, which can be reached only on foot or by boat along one of the great chains of lakes.

Kiruna, largest of the towns in Swedish Lapland, was developed at the end of the 19th century with the opening up of the ore mines which have figured so largely in the war news. The annual output of ore from these mines totalled nearly 11 million tons, and the fields contain an aggregate of about 1423 million tons of ore. There are also important iron-ore mines at Gällivare. Both centres transhipped their ore via Narvik all the year round, and by Luleå when that port was ice-free.

Sweden is specially fortunate in having no racial or linguistic difficulties. In spite of the fact that since the Middle Ages, people from Finland, Scotland, France, Germany and Holland have settled in Sweden, they have been assimilated into the population and there is no minority problem. Even the Lapps, who are an entirely different race with special racial problems, are so sympathetically governed that they are contented, and increasing in number.

There is, too, great religious toleration in Sweden. The official religion is Lutheran, but not the cheerless creed it has become in some countries. The churches are gaily coloured inside, and there is much music and ritual in the services. The Reformation did not affect Sweden so





Donald McLeish

In Göteborg, Sweden's chief seaport: looking across the Hamn Canal to the Town Hall, the 17th-century Christine Church and, beyond it, the Museum formerly occupied by the East India Company

strongly as the rest of Europe. The people had been largely independent of the Pope before, and showed an equal independence in their adaptation of Lutheranism.

Social work in Sweden is planned, wherever possible, to enable those in need to help themselves rather than to become objects of charity. Care of the aged poor is especially wise in its provision of separate small houses or rooms for those who are still active, where husband and wife can live together quietly, cooking simple meals for themselves, or eating in the communal dining-hall, yet within reach of skilled attendance.

The service for the sick also commands admiration. The hospitals are well equipped and organized, and the Red Cross is efficiently run under the leadership of the King's brother. Aeroplane ambulances

are used to convey urgent cases from isolated districts to the nearest hospital.

Nevertheless, there are still wrongs to be righted in Sweden. Few visitors come into contact with the farmers, lumbermen, charcoal-burners and trappers of the far north, and it cannot be denied that the conditions in which they live are not enviable. Many of them toil for long hours to wring the barest existence from their land. This is often the logical result of a perfectly just and reasonable law of inheritance, which enacts that property must be divided equally between the members of a family. In time, the land is divided into portions which are barely large enough to support their holders, who are so passionately devoted to the soil that they prefer a miserable existence on it to finding well-paid industrial work elsewhere.

At Kaseberga, in south Sweden, the Baltic Sea is bordered by a sand-duned shore; on these dunes stands a prehistoric cairn, in the shape of a ship pointing out to sea, which is believed to be the tomb of a Viking



Lundquist

Further west, still in the province of Skane, 'the granary of Sweden', is one of the loveliest, and agriculturally the richest, areas in the country; its rolling landscapes sometimes remind English visitors of their own land

S. Lundquist





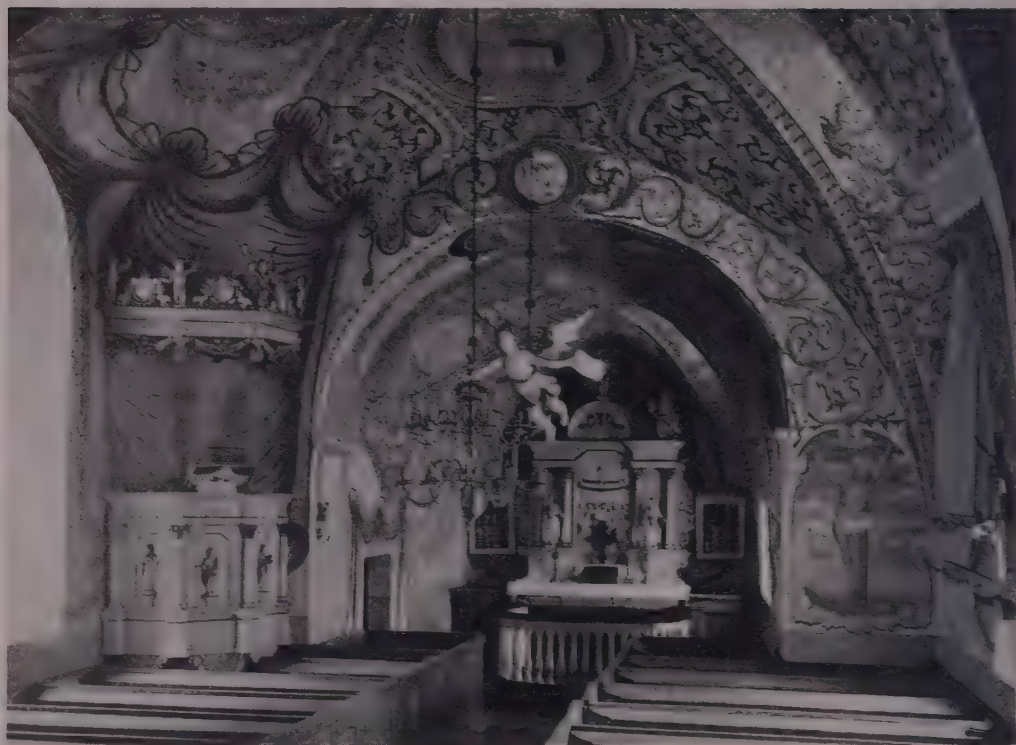
Swedish Travel Bureau

S. Lundquist

Central Sweden is essentially industrial. Jönköping on the southern shore of Lake Vättern is the hub of the match industry. Most of the factories here have had to close as they can no longer export their goods

Further north a remarkable contrast in scenery is apparent: Swedish Lapland, a region that has always attracted 'hikers', many of whom must have contemplated this view of the distant Pårtefjällen Mountain





Swedish Travel Bureau

Swedish art: 18th-century decorations in Kungslena church, near Falköping. Legend has it that King Erik Knutsson built the church in 1208 to commemorate the Battle of Lena

As far back as the Iron Age the Swedish Vikings maintained a constant intercourse with Mediterranean countries, and the foundations of the Kingdom of Sweden were laid when the Goths and Sveas amalgamated, probably between A.D. 400 and A.D. 800, with the Svea King at their head.

Swedish Vikings generally sailed eastward, but many also came to Britain and France. These Vikings were not merely pirates, but also merchants and traders, and it was through them that Sweden was eventually Christianized during the 10th and 11th centuries, by English missionaries—who laid the foundation of the close and friendly intercourse between Sweden and Great Britain which has existed ever since. The settling of a large proportion of Scots in Sweden from the 16th century onward was, however, largely

due to the military needs of the Swedish Kings, which attracted the proscribed Scottish soldiers and nobles after the failure of the Jacobite rebellions in Scotland.

Although Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, the warrior kings, and Queen Christina, are the Swedish monarchs best known by name outside Sweden, the men and women who had the greatest influence on events in Sweden itself are Birger Jarl, who founded the Folkung dynasty and the city of Stockholm, in the 13th century; Margaret, Regent of Norway and Denmark, to whom the crown of the three Kingdoms of the North was offered in 1389; Engelbrekt, who led the rising which broke the power of the tyrannical Danish bailiffs in 1434, and summoned the first Swedish Riksdag or Parliament

two years later; Gustavus Vasa, the founder of modern Sweden, who threw off the Danish yoke for ever, introduced the Reformation, and made accession to the Swedish throne hereditary in his family; and Gustavus Adolphus, who regained the provinces of Skane, Halland, Blekinge and Bohuslän from the Danes in 1686. Sweden and Norway were united under Marshal Bernadotte, who ascended the Swedish throne by invitation in 1818; their Union was dissolved by mutual agreement in 1905.

Sweden now has a hereditary monarchy, the succession to the Crown devolving by an Act of Settlement in the male line of the House of Bernadotte. The Constitution was built mainly upon ancient Swedish traditions, and aimed at a con-

stitutional balance of power avoiding any form of extremes of government.

The executive and judicial authority is vested in the hands of the King alone (*i.e.* the King in Council) or the Government, and the legislative authority is exercised by the King and Riksdag jointly, but the Riksdag has the exclusive right to impose taxation. Although holders of Government offices are appointed by the King, and his powers under the Constitution are considerable, there are effective checks upon his absolute power. In practice King and Riksdag work harmoniously together, with a growing tendency for an increase in the influence of the Riksdag. This is balanced by the present King's influence which is due to his enormous personal popularity.



Donald McLeish

Leksand is a centre of folk-lore and handicrafts and national costume is more commonly worn there than elsewhere in Sweden. Teachers and children in the village school conform to old styles



Black Star

Sweden's army is specially adapted to operations in different kinds of country and extremes of climate and includes sledges drawn by dogs—eager and affectionate comrades-in-arms!

The Swedish Riksdag dates from 1435, and is divided into two Chambers, the First, or Upper Chamber, and the Second Chamber, which have equal competence and authority. General suffrage for men was introduced on a wide basis, with proportional representation, in 1909, and women were enfranchised and made eligible as members of the Riksdag in 1921. After the general election in the autumn of 1936, the Farmers' Union and

the Social Democrats formed a Coalition Government which is still in power with a large majority.

An interesting feature of the Constitution is the provision for the appointment of the *Justitieombudsmannen*, and the *Militieombudsmannen*, to supervise the civil and military administration on behalf of the Riksdag. They receive the complaints of private citizens against Government officials concerning the performance of

their administrative duties, and if necessary institute proceedings in the courts. The Justitieombudsman is also chairman of the Committee for the Protection of the Freedom of the Press. The appointment of these officials is typical of Swedish constitutional practice, and its intricate systems of checks and balances.

Local government is very similar to that exercised in Great Britain. There are twenty-three counties or *län*, each with a council of not less than twenty members elected for four years by the towns and villages in the county. A Governor is appointed in each county, who has no exact counterpart in England, but is rather like a Lord-Lieutenant with extra local powers. The towns of Stockholm, Göteborg, Malmö, Norrköping, Helsingborg and Gävle, with populations of 50,000 or over, have complete county powers and are analogous to our county boroughs. In the smaller towns the local government is similar to that of our municipal boroughs, the mayor and aldermen being also the magistrates. In the rural areas, the parish is the unit, with a Ratepayers Assembly or Parish Meeting in the smaller parishes, and a Communal Board or Parish Council in the larger ones.

The Swedish armed forces underwent a thorough reorganization in 1936, which has resulted in greater efficiency in the army, and a considerable reinforcement of the air force. The majority of the recruits are raised by conscription of all able-bodied men between the ages of twenty and fifty-five. The average number of men conscripted in each year is calculated at about 53,000, of whom about 41,000 are trained for the full period, and the remainder exempted.

The regulations for legal procedure in Sweden are of ancient origin, and are mainly derived in their present form from the Law of 1734, which was the result of gradual developments independent of foreign influence. Although many amendments have been adopted since, the

judicial procedure is much the same as it has been for the last two centuries, and reflects the country's conception of justice. This rests on the confidence of the public, and is independent of political change.

Education has reached a high level. Attendance at an elementary school is compulsory for every child not receiving equivalent instruction from other sources, the school age being from seven to fourteen, when each child undergoes an examination and receives a leaving certificate. If unable to attain the required standard, the child must remain another year at school, and if still unable to pass the examination is given a special leaving certificate.

Continuation schools are compulsory for those who do not continue their studies in any higher educational institution after leaving the elementary school. A vocational training is given, and general education is supplemented.

The People's High Schools are a valuable feature of Swedish education. Intended for young adults, their aim is to impart a wide general education, and give practical instruction. Several of these People's High Schools are especially famous in one particular branch, as in the case of the school at Värmdö in the Stockholm Archipelago, which specializes in gymnastics; and the Ingesund School of folk music in Dalsland. The Folk High Schools receive State support, and scholarships are granted to many pupils. They are usually boarding schools, situated in country districts.

There are also State or public secondary schools, commercial schools, two State Universities—Uppsala, founded in 1477 and Lund, founded in 1668; a State Medical Faculty in Stockholm, and two Independent Municipal Universities, one at Stockholm and the other at Göteborg.

Museums of all kinds, but more especially dealing with Swedish and Lapp history and ethnology, abound all over the

country, and are well arranged, whilst the many open-air museums, of which Skansen in Stockholm is the largest and most famous, are, of course, a special feature in Sweden as in other Scandinavian countries.

Swedish people have a joy in work or play which is reflected in Swedish music, sculpture and painting, rather than in Swedish letters. Especially intense is their love of gay, haunting melodies, which makes them cherish the memory of Karl Mikel Bellman, the 18th-century vagabond poet. Sport, of course, plays a large part in the life of all Swedes, who rate physical fitness as highly as the Greeks of old, but they also love opera, ballet,

the drama, and the cinema. Ballroom dancing, too, has its devotees, but the vast majority of the people enjoy still more the traditional country dances, and especially the open-air dances around the maypole at Midsummer. Annual festivals, such as Christmas, Easter and Midsummer, and even the Catholic festival of St Lucia, are the occasion for traditional customs, dances and songs.

Although the ritual of *skål* is so elaborate, and there is ceremoniousness in social intercourse as a whole, the Swedes have a love of simplicity and a warmth of hospitality which disarms the would-be critic and endears them to those fortunate foreigners whom they receive into their



Geoffrey Gilbert

A remarkable institution peculiar to Sweden is her out-of-door museums. Attendants at Skansen Museum in Stockholm not only act as guides but as mannequins to display national costumes



One of Stockholm's most impressive buildings is the Royal Palace, built in the 18th century by the Swedish architect, Tessin, in collaboration with foreign artists. It is often open to the public and contains exquisite Gobelin tapestries. The symbolic crown stands on Skeppsholm Bridge

homes. In all things they incline to a sane and moderate outlook. Distinctions between the classes are very slight, sophisticated boredom seems unknown, and the dignity of labour is widely recognized.

The late Crown Princess Margaret and the present Crown Princess Louise have undoubtedly done much to foster the natural tendency of the Swedes to turn towards England. But the close proximity of Germany, commercial connections with her, and the intensified German efforts during the past few years to foster intercourse between the two countries, have

also had some effect upon the Swedish outlook.

In the present difficult situation, many Swedes, if it came to the point, would probably be prepared to join the Allies; but there can be little doubt that they are looking to their King, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of peace, to preserve Sweden's neutrality. Their prosperity must necessarily be waning with the curtailment of their exports, but no one who knows and loves Sweden can help wishing that her culture, her beautiful countryside and her kindly people may come through unscathed.

Penny Post

by LUCIA MOHOLY

THIS year, 1940, is the centenary of the establishment of uniform Penny Post throughout the United Kingdom, one of the most important developments in the history of the postal services of Great Britain.

The British postal services date from the middle of the 16th century. Prior to this, in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries there had been nothing of the kind beyond conveyance of royal letters by special messenger. A regular but limited postal service for private requirements was established in France by the University of Paris early in the 13th century; and special postal services for commercial purposes had been in existence for some time in various countries where trade and commerce were highly developed.

The first king to extend and look after the English postal services was Henry VIII. In 1517 he appointed Sir Brian Tuke, the first English Postmaster, *Magister Nunciorum Cursorum, sive Postarum*—"both in England and in other parts of the King's Dominions beyond the Seas". After the death of Henry VIII, differences of opinion arose as to whether the postal services should become a public institution or serve King and State exclusively. A royal proclamation issued in 1583 ran: "No packets or letters shall be sufficient warrant or authoritie to constrain the postes to runne with them in poste, except they be directed for her Majestie's affairs, and shall be signed either by her Majestie, her Privie Councill, or any of the personages authorized". The postmaster, however, wanted to place the posts at the disposal of the public and issued a proclamation of his own eight days later. The fight went on for many years.

Other countries had similar problems to face. In France, as in England, postal couriers were made to serve the king. Louis XI's main reason for establishing a post office was political. Letters passing to and fro provided him with a means of obtaining valuable information. In Germany a postal organization was established on the French model, and the Counts of Thurn and Taxis were commissioned to run it. Members of this family were in office in Antwerp, Brussels, Augsburg, Innsbruck, Prague, Trent, Bolzano, Rome and Madrid. The European continent buzzed with their ambitions and their rivalries. In 1601 Don Juan of Taxis, Post Master of Spain, made an agreement with Guillaume Fouquet de la Varenne, Controller-General of the Posts in France, concerning letters from Spain to Italy through

France via Bordeaux-Lyons. Antonio of Taxis, Post Master in Rome, made a similar arrangement with Varenne for the return journey. These agreements are the oldest documents of their kind and are preserved among the 33 million documents in the National Archives of Spain. The turbulent years 1576-8 had an upsetting effect upon the postal services in north-west Europe. The party that remained faithful to Philip II dismissed Leonard of Taxis, who governed the posts by authority from Don Juan of Austria, and replaced him by an adherent of William of Orange. This was only one of many instances in which the position of postmaster became involved in political controversy. In the end, Leonard of Taxis was nominated 'Postmaster General of the Holy Roman Empire' in 1595.

The question regarding the right to use the postal services was soon overshadowed by another: who was entitled to run them? In 1603, James I issued a proclamation decreeing that persons who were engaged in providing horses for postal despatches were to have the exclusive monopoly of hiring out horses to private travellers. Another proclamation, issued in 1609, decreed that only those persons formally authorized by the Master of the Posts would be permitted to carry letters. Similar patents were issued in other countries. Anyone interfering with the postmaster's monopoly was threatened with arrest and the confiscation of his horses.

James I did much, from a technical point of view, to promote the postal services. After his accession to the English throne communication between Scotland and the Court was greatly improved. Posts for changing horses on the road to Scotland were made available at intervals of twenty miles. The average speed of the posts was fixed at seven miles per hour in summer and five in winter.

The proclamations restricting the right to carry letters were not at first applied to foreign posts. Foreign merchants living in England communicated with the Continent through the 'Strangers' Post', and English merchants living abroad sent their letters by the 'Merchant Adventurers'. Both were private routes and wholly independent of each other. In periods of tension in the international markets the two groups tried to intercept each other's letters, for the purpose either of obtaining information on matters of commercial interest or of delaying information intended for the opposite group.

Sir Thomas Randolph, successor to Sir Brian Tuke, abolished the Strangers' and Merchant Adventurers' Posts, and management of the foreign posts was affiliated to the general postal system. In the early

17th century this arrangement was once again overthrown and a special postmaster entrusted with the foreign mails. The same kind of difficulties as before arose between the various groups. Lord Stanhope, previously master of both inland and foreign posts, resented the separation, and violent competition began between him and the manager of the foreign posts, Matthew de Quester. They did what they could to hamper each other's activities by all means in their power. Many Parliamentary debates had to be devoted to matters in dispute between the two parties.

The question as to whether the posts were to become a public institution was finally settled in the first half of the 17th century. In England as well as in France, Germany and Spain private travellers and private letters were now officially recognized as having a claim upon the postal services. In 1627 the French post became what was called a 'Service Omnibus', and four offices were erected in Paris for the regular departure of couriers. Paris University, which still retained its patent dating from the 13th century, was deprived of this privilege in 1655, but was granted one twenty-eighth part of the postal revenue.

In 1633 the English Postmaster, Thomas Witherings, made a contract with the Postmaster General of the German Empire and in 1638 with de Noveau, Postmaster of France, for an organized exchange of international correspondence. Witherings also created a new system for the despatch and delivery of letters and introduced a sliding scale of postage, ranging from 2d. to 8d., according to distance. In spite of his merits he became the centre of political controversy: Charles I proclaimed that the 'Letters Office of England', represented by its postmaster Thomas Witherings, were to have an exclusive monopoly of carrying letters. But Parliament voted (August 16, 1642) that "The restraints and imprisonment of the said persons [who had illegally carried letters] was against law, liberty and the freedom of the subject and that those several persons ought to have reparations from the Secretaries of State and Mr Witherings".

Since the general public had been granted the use of the postal services, the income from the post office became a lucrative source of revenue to the various postmasters. In 1643 the English post office yielded £5000 a year. Under the Commonwealth Edward Prideaux, Master of the Posts, was ordered to pay to the State £5000 as rent for the post office. In the following two years John Manley had to pay £10,000 per annum, and after that the habit of farming out the post office was continued for about fifty years. In the days preceding

Prideaux's nomination a fierce and passionate struggle arose about the property rights in the revenue from mails.

In 1659, a plan was drawn up by John Hill, Attorney of York, for the introduction of a modified postal system and a Penny Post. The principles underlying these proposals were championed in a pamphlet entitled *A Penny Post or a Vindication of the Liberty and Birthright of every Englishman in carrying Merchants' and other Men's letters against any restraints of Farmers of such Employments*. He suggested a penny postage for England, twopence for Scotland, fourpence for Ireland. His main concern was to remove the monopoly of the postmasters: "He is not the fittest man that will give the most money for it, but rather he that will undertake the service at the cheapest rate, which must be the best advantage to the Commonwealth".

Hill's attempts failed. The practice of farming out the post office for a considerable annual sum—it rose to £43,000—was continued. Those who benefited from this method did their best to prevent others from interfering. Democratic principles and common sense encountered powerful opposition. The struggle went on for twenty years, until in 1680 a local penny post was established in London and a few other centres by William Dockwra and Robert Murray as a private enterprise. Between 400-500 receiving houses were set up in an area where the state post had hardly a score of them. Letters were carried, registered and insured, for a postage fee of one penny only. There was no delivery to the addressees' houses in the early days (houses were not numbered until 1764). Names were put up on a board in the receiving post office and addressees had to collect their own letters, unless an extra delivery charge was paid. The Duke of York, later James II, who in 1664 had been granted the profits of the Post Office, and Postmaster the Earl of Arlington sued Dockwra for infringing the postal monopoly. Dockwra, who had in the meantime severed his connection with Murray, lost the case in 1682 and was deprived of his offices. But Penny Post, which had begun to show encouraging financial results, was continued under state authority. (See the *London Gazette*, November 23, 1682.)

In 1708 a scheme for a 'Halfpenny Carriage' for the City of London was put into operation by a man called Charles Povey who, like many others, collected letters from householders by walking the streets and clanging a hand bell. His Halfpenny Carriage was soon forbidden.

The postal services were growing in size and importance, and elaborate time-tables were being drawn up on a national and international

scale, the most famous being '*A Brief Directory for those who send their letters to any parts of England, Scotland and Ireland*', published in London in 1650, and Ottavio Codogno's *Nuovo Itinerario delle Poste per tutto il Mondo*, published in Venice in 1676. But the inferior state of roads and highways proved a severe handicap. The Roman tradition of efficient roadbuilding had lapsed long ago, and very little was being done to keep the highways in good repair, notwithstanding the great number of highway acts. A journey on these highways, in summer over holes and scattered stones, in winter through deep mud and puddles, was by no means an easy undertaking. It was just feasible on horseback; but once coaches were introduced, travelling became an ordeal. The bad condition of the roads also had the effect of encouraging robbers and highwaymen to attack the mails, in spite of the threat of heavy penalties. Quick escape was hardly possible for the post-boy, and many runners and riders of the posts, as well as the later stage coaches, fell victim to highway robberies. Right up to the end of the 18th century such incidents were regarded as everyday occurrences. It sometimes even happened that the post-boy was in league with the robbers and received a share in the spoils. Altogether, neither travellers nor post-boys, coachmen nor guards had an easy time on the roads. They all welcomed the sight of a post house, usually an inn, where horses were changed, refreshment provided and travellers given a night's rest.

Some of the letters posted in the British Isles had to be prepaid, but in most cases postage was payable by the addressee. Letters therefore were treated individually and letter-boxes were hardly needed. Postmarks—plain initials at first, date stamps later—came into use in both countries in the late 17th century.

By an Act of Queen Anne, early in the 18th century, the postal services of the British Isles were more closely co-ordinated. Ralph Allen was appointed Postmaster of the three kingdoms. The number of postal routes was increased and the services improved. Regulations were also laid down, for the first time, regarding the right of interference with letters during their journey. This matter had hitherto been treated in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. The new regulations provided that "an express warrant in writing under the hand of one of the principal Secretaries of State" was required for the opening, detaining or delaying of letters.

Postal communication with the West Indies, as well as with Boston and New York, was improved by the famous Falmouth packets.



By courtesy of the Postmaster-General

A Postman of 1793

The skippers risked not only rough seas, but capture by pirates. As in Europe, bad road conditions severely impeded the postal services in America. It was, therefore, generally found preferable to send letters by boat where possible. The most efficient overland service was the 'Pony Express', a company of pony riders who were able to cover 125 miles a day. Buffalo Bill himself, the legendary hero of the Wild West, was one of these pony riders. They charged five dollars for carrying half-ounce letters.

Among the overseas postal reformers Benjamin Franklin was the most prominent. Originally Postmaster of Pennsylvania, he was later appointed American Postmaster General.

Another notable name in post office history is that of William Wordsworth, the 'Lake poet'. His income from post office activities in Westmorland was estimated as between £400 and £500 per annum.

Postal services to India and the Cape are as old as the famous companies, British and Dutch, which began their sea voyages for trading purposes at the close of the 16th century.

The period of mail coaches was comparatively short. It began in 1784 and came to an end soon after the steam engine was invented. The coaches travelled at a speed of about ten miles an hour, which was considered a danger to human life. Passengers were said to have died of apoplexy owing to the rapid motion. The time allowed for changing horses was not more than a minute. The arrival and departure of the mail was the great event in the day of a town. Villagers living off the beaten track hurried to the main road to see the coaches sweep by and to snatch some of the latest news. Those who lived near the Dover main road heard about Waterloo much earlier than any reader of a newspaper in London.

Shortly after the stage coaches had been put into operation, and thanks to the efforts of John Palmer, Postmaster General, it was arranged that they should carry the great bulk of the mail, and postage was raised. Express letters continued to be conveyed by mounted post-boys at a charge of 11d a mile plus additional fees for the postmasters at each end. Ordinary letters were classified as single, double and treble letters and charged according to distance. A single letter was a single sheet of paper, folded, sealed by a wafer, if at all, and without envelope. Any enclosure made it a double or treble letter. In 1797 a single letter in England was charged threepence, a double letter sixpence, and a treble letter ninepence for distances up to fifteen miles. Fourpence, eightpence and a shilling respectively were charged

up to thirty miles, and so on, rising to eightpence, one shilling and fourpence and two shillings for distances over 150 miles. Letters from Great Britain to Portugal or America were charged one, two and three shillings. In 1815 letters from Great Britain to the Cape or the East Indies were charged three shillings and sixpence, seven shillings and ten shillings and sixpence respectively, or fourteen shillings if the weight exceeded half an ounce.

In spite of these exorbitant charges for postage, however, no increase in British post office revenue took place between 1815 and 1835. Ingenious tricks were devised for saving postage. Many people pricked messages on current newspapers—these being carried at cheaper rates. Others used invisible fluids for the same purpose. Others again wrote addresses in a code form which gave the addressee the meaning of the letter without accepting it. Over a thousand people were charged with such offences each month. On the other hand a great number of letters were carried free. All members of Parliament as well as other high officials and army officers were entitled to receive and despatch a limited though considerable number of 'franks', letters on which no postage was payable. Illegitimate use of franks was made by unauthorized persons. Postmasters who were also inn-keepers attracted customers by giving away franks intended for official use only. There were days when the post carried a greater weight of franked letters than chargeable ones, as people who used franks were naturally less considerate than others regarding the weight of their letters. Reform was urgently called for.

A great number of changes had meanwhile taken place in the postal services on the Continent of Europe. Since 1752 Russia had organized a horse service for postal purposes. In 1768 Louis XV ordered the marking of the French highways with milestones. In 1816 Prussia took over the Thurn and Taxis service into the State administration. For the five years from 1810 to 1815 the postal services of the Low Countries were administered by the French. In parts of Italy and the Pontifical State, charges for carrying letters were reduced by half. In Sweden postal services were combined with passenger transport in 1817. The first half of the 19th century was marked by far-reaching changes in technical matters as well as in social outlook all over the world. Railways and steamships came into operation and had a revolutionary effect upon transport and postal services.

The democratic spirit which pervaded the greater part of Europe since the time of the French Revolution found an interpreter in Sir

Rowland Hill, Postmaster General of Great Britain. In his pamphlet *Post Office Reform; its Importance and its Practicability*, published in March 1837, Hill showed that the average postage fee for letters exceeded by about a hundred times the actual cost of distribution. He pointed out that in spite of the increase in population the Post Office revenue had remained more or less unchanged over a long period of years. He argued that letter-writing was too expensive for the average citizen, while on the other hand franking privileges had a demoralizing effect on the population and curtailed the revenue. Hill proposed that franking should be abolished and a flat penny rate introduced all over the country, prepayment to be made by the purchase of stamped envelopes.

His arguments precipitated a fierce struggle between those who clung to tradition and those who stood for progress and common sense. The general public welcomed the plan. In the end Hill's argument proved overwhelming and a Uniform Penny Postage Bill was carried in the House of Commons. It became law on August 17, 1839, and came into operation in January 1840. Prepaid 'Mulready' envelopes came into use immediately, adhesive stamps made their first public appearance in May 1840, and pillar-boxes soon followed.

The first penny stamp was black, the twopenny stamp blue. Perforated sheets of stamps became available for the first time at the House of Commons Post Office in 1851 and came into general use in 1854. In the first year of the Penny Post 169 million letters were despatched, nearly double the number of the previous year. In 1850 the number was 347 million, and in 1880 it was 1176 million. In the year 1900 the figure was 2323 million, not including postcards, packets, newspapers and parcels, which almost equalled the number of letters.

The main achievements of postal progress were displayed at the International Exhibitions in London, Paris and other capitals, together with the developments of transport with which it has at all times been closely linked. The postal services of the 19th and 20th centuries seized every opportunity of increasing their efficiency. Developments and improvements followed one another with extraordinary rapidity. Railways had been in existence for only a few decades, when the first tentative attempts at airmails were made during the Franco-Prussian war—by means of balloons. Since modern road conditions allow of a high degree of speed and safety, motor cars have become a valuable addition to the efficiency of the postal services. The first regular service for mail transport by air was inaugurated in India in February

1911, on the occasion of the Allahabad Exhibition of Arts and Crafts. The growth of the airmail service in the last few years before the outbreak of war was enormous. A start was made in the extension of uniform postage to airmails, but was discontinued when the present war broke out.

From 1851 attempts were made to extend the British penny postage overseas. Three issues were discussed: Ocean Penny Postage, Imperial Penny Postage and Universal Penny Postage. Imperial penny postage was introduced in 1898. Other important decisions were taken at the various Congresses of the Universal Postal Union, which had been founded in Berne in 1874.

In the United States a reduction of postal rates was made in March 1855 and prepayment introduced in January 1857. A uniform inland postage of two cents was adopted in 1883. Penny Postage between Great Britain and the United States was agreed upon in 1908.

In many countries at the end of the last war postal rates had to be reviewed. In Great Britain, Penny Postage was abandoned, though the uniform rate remained. In Mr Bonar Law's Budget of 1918 letter postage was raised from 1d. to 1½d. for four ounces. In Mr Austen Chamberlain's Budget of 1920 postage for letters up to three ounces became 2d. and 1½d. for post cards. In 1928 this was reduced to 1½d. for two-ounce letters and 1d. for post cards. These rates remained in force until April 30, 1940, when inland postage was raised to 2½d. for letters and 2d. for post cards. Thus the dream that the centenary of the first adhesive stamp might be celebrated by a return to the Penny Post was swept away by the exigencies of war.



Mulready envelope, dated 1841

Eight Centuries of Portugal

by RODNEY GALLOP

But for the war, all the world would have flocked to Portugal to join in the six months of celebration and festivity inaugurated on June 2nd to commemorate two famous epochs in that country's history. As it is, most of us must participate vicariously. We of Great Britain have particular reason for extending to Portugal warm good-will at this moment; for, as Lord Halifax recently pointed out, ever since the Anglo-Portuguese Alliance was confirmed in May, 1386, five-and-a-half centuries ago, our two nations have been faithful allies and friends

In the present year Portugal is celebrating the double centenary of her independence. First and foremost she is commemorating the restoration of her liberties in 1640 after sixty dark years of Spanish domination. Besides this, she is also commemorating the eighth centenary of her existence as an independent nation, the birth of which, even if it cannot be precisely determined, falls in the neighbourhood of the year 1140.

A glance at the map of the Iberian Peninsula might raise doubts in the minds of those with no first-hand knowledge of it whether the existence of an independent Portugal was not an anachronism and an anomaly. So diverse are Spain's inhabitants (the argument might run) in race and dialect, in culture and traditions, so different in character are its distinct regions, that Portugal and the Portuguese have no greater claim to political independence than Galicians, Andaluzians and Aragonese, not to mention Basques and Catalans. So runs, for instance, the argument put forward by the communist apologists of an 'Iberian Federation of Soviet Socialist Republics'.

Apart from any other factor, and without prejudice to the claims of regionalism in Spain, this opinion leaves out of account the vital fact, which is immediately apparent to all who visit the country with open eyes and mind, that the Portuguese, whatever their racial origins or relationships, have shared a common destiny for eight centuries during which they have evolved a common culture and a common tradition entitling them to claim the

dignity of a nation in the fullest sense of the word.

Who, then, are the Portuguese? In them as in every other European people many different racial currents are merged. The foundation consists of Celtiberian tribes to whom, in our ignorance of their ultimate origin, we must apply the misleading term of indigenous. Little enough is known of them, although in all probability theirs is the greater part of the blood which flows in Portuguese veins today. To them we must ascribe the dolmens found in various parts of the country, the roughly hewn stone monsters charitably identified as pigs of which the well-known *porca de Murça* at Murça de Panoias is the best example, and the prehistoric settlement of Citania de Briteiros. More intangible vestiges of their way of life survive in the beliefs and practices of Portuguese folklore much of which may be traced back to the dawn of pagan antiquity.

The Celtiberians belong to the world of prehistory, and it is doubtful whether archaeologists will ever succeed in lifting by more than a few tantalizing inches the veil which time has drawn over them.

On the basic Celtiberian stock have been grafted the blood and the civilization of successive invaders: Phoenician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Moorish, Gothic and Burgundian. To what extent these peoples colonized Portugal is uncertain. Traces of the Phoenicians remain in the fishing communities scattered up and down the sandy, surf-beaten Atlantic coast. Even their name is perpetuated in



André de Diènes

Traces of the Phoenicians still linger in the fishing communities scattered up and down the Atlantic Coast: does their blood run in the veins of these little fisher children from Nazaré?

that of Peniche. The Romans gave Portugal the Temple of Diana at Évora (namesake of our own York) and the ruined towns of Troia and Castro Marim to name but two.

How effective was the Roman occupation of Lusitania? If by occupation we mean settlement it is difficult to say. Even the Moors, whose hold on Spain was so firm and so decisive for that country's subsequent development, left comparatively few traces in Portugal whence they were finally expelled more than two centuries earlier than from Spain. In the north where they ruled for some three centuries they survive in nothing but a few place-names, while in the south, whence they were not finally ejected for five centuries, their influence, displayed principally in taste for whitewash and for decorative architectural detail, is still much less marked than might be expected. Already by the middle of the 12th century, out of the maelstrom of the Dark Ages Portugal had emerged as the clearly definable entity which she is today.

If one man can be said to have created a country that man was Portugal's first king, Afonso Henriques. At the end of the 11th century Portucalia, only recently reconquered from the Moors, was no more than a county comprised between the rivers Minho and Mondego. It was held by Count Henry of Burgundy in fief from King Alfonso VI of León in virtue of his marriage with the latter's natural daughter Teresa. Its name, like that of the modern city of Oporto, was taken from *Portus Cale*, the Latin appellation of Vila Nova de Gaia on the southern bank of the Douro. Henry and Teresa made their capital at Guimarães where they lived in the 10th century castle of which the well-preserved ruins still survive today.

Here Afonso first saw the light in 1109, only five years before his father's death in 1114. Independence from the overlordship of Spanish sovereigns was wrested by Afonso from the kingdom of León as a



Rischgile Studios

result of twelve years of fighting culminating in the peace of Zamora (1143). Thenceforward, the Spanish frontiers of Portugal were established, and it only remained for the reconquest from the Moors to be extended southwards.

Already in 1139 Afonso had inflicted a heavy defeat on the infidel at Ourique in Alemtejo. Eight years later the foundations were laid of that Anglo-Portuguese collaboration which has ripened with the centuries into the firm and cordial alliance between Britain and her oldest ally. In March 1147 Afonso stormed the fortress of Santarem on the north bank of the Tagus and turned westwards towards Lisbon. That same summer a band of crusaders from England and the Low Countries landed at Oporto on their way to Palestine. Afonso persuaded them that there were opportunities of crusading nearer at hand, and in October with their aid he stormed the fortress of St George crowning the

LISBONA



Lisbon in 1640, the year in which Portugal shook herself free from the Spanish yoke

principal hill on which the city of Lisbon is built.

Although the Moors remained strongly entrenched south of the Tagus and subsequently recovered some of the territories wrested from them, neither Santarem nor Lisbon ever fell again into their hands. Afonso died in 1185 and was buried in the Sé Velha, the Old Cathedral of Coimbra to which city he had moved his capital in 1139. He had extended Portugal from the Mondego to the Tagus, established it as an independent kingdom and, in every sense of the word, put it on the map. A chain of castles and fortified cities, built or repaired by Afonso, many of which survive today as picturesque ruins, safeguarded the eastern frontier against Spain from Bragança southwards while others in the centre and west mark the successive stages of the advance against the Moors.

After Afonso's death the campaign against the Moors was carried on by his

son Sancho I and by his successors on the throne. Less than a century witnessed the reconquest of Alemtejo, the 'land beyond the Tagus', the foundation of a Gothic cathedral among the mauresque architectural fancies of its capital Évora, and the final expulsion of the Moors from the Algarve in 1249.

If Afonso Henriques had founded the kingdom it was left to King Diniz (1279-1325) to consolidate it in a long reign lasting nearly half a century, and to lay the foundations of its future greatness and expansion overseas.

There is a symbolic justice in the fact that Diniz was christened in the same church, the Sé Velha of Coimbra, where Afonso was laid to rest. The castles which Afonso had founded Diniz reconstructed and strengthened, notably those of Leiria and Obidos, the latter still today one of the most perfect and least-known walled cities in Europe.



André de Diènes

Alfama, built on the slopes of St George's Castle, Lisbon, which was once stormed by English crusaders

Noble cities he rebuilt,
Fortresses and very safe strongholds,
And almost the whole kingdom he revived
With great buildings and high walls.

So wrote Camoens of Diniz in the immortal
Lusiads.

Diniz was the first king to rule over the full extent of Portugal from the Minho to the Guadiana, and the problems which he had to face were the growing-pains of a nation; the thirst for wealth and power of a church and a nobility which were just beginning to feel their strength. It is little wonder that his first need was for security, but of such security as the times permitted he made not an object in itself but the shelter behind which he pursued his plans for the greatness of the nation. *Fiz quanto quiz* ("He performed what he willed") was the verdict passed on him by his contemporaries. In an inscription on the keep of the castle of Sabugal which he built in 1296 it is extended into a little quatrain: translated, it reads—

King Diniz built this tower,
Who performed all that he willed;
For he who has money
Will accomplish all he wants.

Whoever composed these lines realized that it was as a careful husbandman that Dom Diniz best served his country. His encouragement of agriculture and foundation of agricultural schools earned him the title of *rei lavrador* or 'farming king'. He fostered the arts and sciences by founding at Coimbra the second oldest university in Europe where only a few short years ago Oliveira Salazar, the Dom Diniz of today, was still a retiring professor of economics. Overseas trade was encouraged by a commercial treaty with England in 1294 and by the foundation of a navy under a Genoese admiral in 1317. Two other achievements make Diniz a precursor of the great voyages of discovery in a later age. The first of these was the planting of a large sandy area near Leiria with pine trees which not only checked the

encroachment of the sand but furnished the discoverers with a never-failing source of timber for their ships a century later. The second was the revival of the Order of Knights Templar after its abolition in 1314 and its reconstitution as the Order of Christ for the defence of the faith, the discomfiture of the Moors and the extension of the Portuguese monarchy.

After the death of Dom Diniz little more than half a century passed before national independence was again in jeopardy. *De Hespanha nem bom vento nem bom casamento* ("From Spain comes neither good





André de Dienes

Eight centuries of Portugal are spanned here—a drover of today stands before Afonso Henriques' monastery of Alco...



Born in the castle of Guimarães (below), where his father held a small country in fief from the Spanish kings of León, Afonso Henriques created independent Portugal and extended its bounds to the Tagus, moving his capital in 1139 to Coimbra on the River Mondego (above)

E.N.A.

Mondiale



wind nor good marriage"), runs a Portuguese proverb inspired by the east winds from the Castilian tableland, scorching in summer and searing cold in winter, and by the harm which has so often resulted to Portugal from dynastic marriages with her neighbour. So it was on this occasion. King Ferdinand I (1367-83) died without male heir after marrying his daughter Brites to King Juan I of Castille, whose oldest son was by the marriage settlement to inherit the Portuguese throne at the age of fourteen. The Queen Mother Lianor, product of an earlier Spanish marriage and hated by the people, assumed the regency, but rebellion broke out, and a number of nobles offered the throne at Coimbra to João, Mestre de Aviz (John, Grand Master of the Order of Aviz), natural son of an earlier king, Pedro the Cruel.

The King of Castille had already invaded Portugal in support of Lianor, but the crisis produced a man worthy of it in the shape of Nuno Alvares Pereira whom the new king created Constable at Coimbra and who is known to history as the *Sant Condestavel*, the Holy Constable, Portugal's chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. Under his command on August 14, 1385, the Portuguese army, although outnumbered by seven to one, gave battle to the Spaniards at Aljubarrota, not far from the great Cistercian monastery founded by Afonso Henriques at Alcobaça. One wing was strengthened by 500 English bowmen furnished by John of Gaunt, who had become involved in peninsular affairs by his claim to the throne of Castille.

The issue was long in doubt, but Portuguese gallantry finally won the day, and the Spaniards were routed. Local



A contemporary representation in Froissart's chronicles of the battle of Aljubarrota (1385) at which 500 English bowmen helped the Portuguese to defeat a Spanish force outnumbering them by seven to one



By courtesy of the Anglo-Portuguese Society

João I and his English wife Philippa of Lancaster repose in marble peace in Batalha monastery

tradition credits Brites, the baker's wife of Aljubarrota, with slaying seven Castillians with her *pá* or shovel for turning the dough. A vast copper cauldron taken from the Spaniards is still shown in the monastery of Alcobaça, but the true monument to the victory is the monastery of Santa Maria de la Victoria at Batalha, Portugal's Battle Abbey, built on the site where the first skirmish of the engagement took place.

Pursuing the foe into Spain, in October Nuno Alvares won another resounding victory at Valverde, and in 1386 John of Gaunt increased his expeditionary force to 5000 men. On May 9 of that year Portugal and England concluded the Treaty of Windsor which is generally regarded as the foundation-stone of the alliance, and in 1387 Spain was glad to conclude a truce. João married Philippa of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's daughter, and in its Portuguese form, Lencastre, her name still survives today, at least two

living members of the family being named Philippa.

This marriage proved more fortunate for Portugal than the proverbial Spanish alliances, for João and Philippa had five sons, one of whom, Prince Henry 'the Navigator', inspired the great expansion of Portugal overseas in the age of discoveries which reached its climax in the reign of King Manoel I (1495-1521). No more than a passing mention can be made here of this most important aspect of the Portuguese national achievement, and the reader may be referred to my article 'The Portuguese Seaman' in *The Geographical Magazine* for March 1936.

Dom Manoel 'the Fortunate' was the last of the great kings of the House of Aviz, and in some respects his policy prepared the way for the decline which was to follow. If at sea he crowned the achievements of King Diniz, he reversed the latter's policy in so far as he allowed agriculture and commerce to decline at home and the



The medieval madonna on the tower at Belem holds a bunch of grapes, symbol of Portugal's fertility



Persbureau Mun

That fertility is plain to see in the vine- and olive-terraced hills of Estramadura: (Above) The lighthouse shown here is on Cape Roca, the most westerly point of the province—and of Europe. (Below) Moura stands in the vast tawny expanse of the Alemtejan plain, whose wealth lies in the production of cattle

E.N.A.





André de Diènes

The town of Leiria is dominated by its castle, founded by Afonso Henriques, strengthened by Dom Diniz

mother country to be drained, to an extent which she could ill afford, of her best blood in the service of the colonial empire. Dom Manoel dreamed of uniting the crowns of Spain and Portugal under the House of Aviz, but once again a Spanish marriage played Portugal false, and only fifty-five years after his death they were united, at Portugal's expense, under a Habsburg.

In 1578 Manoel's ill-starred son, King Sebastian, was killed in Morocco. Only

two years later the death of his only remaining brother, the King-Cardinal Henry, left the throne with no direct heir and with five rival claimants. These were soon reduced in practice to two, Philip II of Spain and Antonio, Prior of Crato, both grandchildren of Dom Manoel, the first through the female line by a Spanish marriage.

Philip was almost immediately successful in assuming the throne, although the Prior survived for fourteen years as a



Market day in Barcelos epitomises the bright, miniature charm of Minho, the province in which it lies André de Diânes

Pretender, and was at one time assisted, with conspicuous lack of success, by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norreys. In Portugal the Spanish king's rule was purely personal, and the throne was the only link between the two countries, but insurrections in Lisbon in 1634 and at Évora in 1637 bore witness to the unpopularity of the régime. In 1640 war with France and a revolt in Catalonia distracted the attention of the monarch, now Philip IV of Spain. The Portuguese seized their

opportunity. Under a great-grandson of Dom Manoel's youngest son, the Duke of Bragança, crowned as João IV on December 13, 1640, they threw off alien rule and restored the nation's independence. Although Portuguese freedom was later imperilled more than once, the House of Bragança was still ruling when the monarchical régime came to an end in 1911, and the *Restauradores*, the name given to the men who threw off the alien yoke, are still commemorated in the principal avenue of Lisbon.



André de Diènes

The humane and lyrical quality of the Portuguese genius is expressed in this picture of a little Minhota peasant with the patient partner of her toil

Now that this brief outline of Portuguese history has carried us from the one to the other of the two events which Portugal is commemorating this year, let us turn from the past to the Portugal which has emerged from eight centuries of independent existence and to the contribution which it has made to the common heritage of mankind. Its achievements in the world of action and of thought, of artistic and of literary creation, are too numerous and too well known to be catalogued here. Let us rather consider its spirit which is of the future as much as of the past.

Although its six million inhabitants have been moulded in the crucible of a common experience into a single nation, the country has by no means been reduced to a dull and dreary uniformity. On a smaller scale it reproduces the variety of landscape and human background of the whole Peninsula. Each of its provinces has its own character: the vast, tawny expanses of the Alemtejan plain; the orchards of Algarve in February a sea of almond blossom; the bright, miniature charm of the Minho; the bleak uplands, almost a prolongation of Castille, of Trás os Montes, the land 'behind the mountains'; the vine and olive-terraced hills of Estremadura; and the two Beiras separated by the Serra da Estrela, the pines and rocks of Beira Alta and the blue distances of Beira Baixa.

Yet this variegated Portugal has a unity of its own, distinguishing it from Spain with a sharpness of contrast which only those who know and love both countries can fully appreciate. The opposition between the two peoples is something more than a historical accident, the apparently inevitable conflict of interests between neighbouring countries.

Our Lady of Almortão
Our Lady of the border,
Turn thy back on Castille
That thou mayst not be Castilian.

Thus sing the peasants of Beira Baixa to

the wonder-working Virgin of a well-known shrine near the frontier.

Similarly, the national spirit of Portugal turns its back on Castille with all the implications of the latter's proverbial 'nine months of *inverno* (winter) and three of *inferno*', and sets its face towards the moist airs and soft winds of the Atlantic. If Spain may be compared to a cord pulled taut to snapping-point, Portugal is one hanging free of tension. If Spain stands for passion, Portugal stands for sentiment. If Spanish genius is primarily dramatic, Portuguese is lyric.

Portugal is above all things human, humane and humanistic. Perhaps this may be attributed in part to the fact that the country was never feudal and man was therefore never looked upon as a soulless serf, deprived alike of rights and liberties. Special charters assured the liberty and independence of each new township.

It is the humanistic outlook on life, ever conscious both of the dignity of mankind and of the pathos of human life, which forms the spiritual bond linking Britain and Portugal in an alliance which goes far deeper than political convenience. Five centuries ago, not long after the conclusion of the Treaty of Windsor the friendship between the two countries and the solid interests which unite them were expressed in the following lines:

Portingallers with us have troth in hand
Whose marchandie cometh much into England.
They are our friends with their commodities
And we English passen into their countries.

In this centennial year many of us who love the Portuguese regret that we cannot 'passen into their countries' to attend the commemorative ceremonies and to pay our tribute to the national spirit which is still so vital and so flourishing today. Our sole consolation can be that we are prevented from doing so only by the war which we are fighting in defence of that view of life which is our common heritage and our common bond.

A Visit to Iceland

by SETON GORDON, C.B.E.

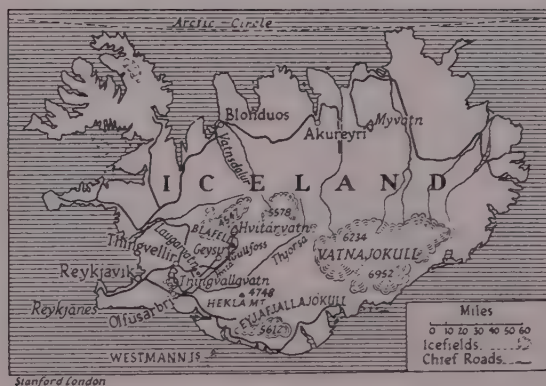
Iceland lies in the North Atlantic Ocean 600 miles to the west of Norway, and has a population of some 120,000 souls. It was first settled by the Norwegians in A.D. 870. From 1380 it was a dependency of the Danish Crown until, in 1918, under the Danish-Icelandic Act of Union it became a sovereign state, but still united under the Crown with Denmark. On April 10, 1940, the day after Germany's invasion of Denmark, the Althing (Icelandic Parliament) temporarily took upon itself the functions formerly performed by the King of Denmark and Iceland. A month later, British troops were landed, under explicit guarantees, to safeguard the security of Iceland against a German invasion. Mr Seton Gordon, having visited the island not long before the war, is able to give an impression of the peaceful scenes that have since become the subject of such stirring developments

WHEN I read in the press that British troops had been landed in Iceland during a May snowstorm my thoughts went back to the summer day two years ago on which I first saw the island. On the third morning out from Leith, passengers on board the steamship *Gullfoss* saw on the horizon what appeared to be clouds but were later revealed as distant snowy mountains, lilac-coloured, and nebulous as ocean mists.

This first sighting of Iceland was inspiring: I had seen no hills to compare with them since, seventeen years before, I had approached the coast of Spitsbergen on board the Norwegian sealing sloop *Terningen*, chartered by the Oxford University Spitsbergen Expedition. Yet a closer view of these Iceland hills showed that they were more massive than the hills of Spitsbergen, and that their summits were more rounded. Although it was midsummer the hills were deeply covered in snow, and that evening the sun, shining on one snowy summit, threw its steep eastern slope into shade so deep that it seemed as though

black smoke from some hidden volcano was rising here. This peak, and the heights which rose near it, were a part of the great Vatnajökull, the largest area of eternal snow and ice in Iceland.

We continued to steam north-west, and now saw a distant isle, not unlike Staffa of the Hebrides, rise



at the base of snowy hills: on the isle stood a lonely house. As we approached Iceland more closely, intervening land now began to hide from us the great Vatnajökull, and ahead of us rose the smaller yet impressive Eyjafjallajökull. Here snowy slopes had crumbled because of the sun's heat and great cracks and blocks of ice which had broken away from the snow-cap were clear in the declining sun. At ten o'clock that night (Iceland time in summer is two hours behind British Summer Time: 'summer time' is unnecessary in a land without darkness, and an hour is gained because of the distance sailed west of the meridian of Greenwich) we sighted almost ahead of us a conical hill reminding me of Ailsa Craig, or Boreray of St Kilda. This was the main island of the Westmannaeyjar or Westmann Islands, an island group lying perhaps a dozen miles off the south coast of Iceland.

Here was to be our first port of call.

All through the daylight night we unloaded our cargo as we lay at anchor beneath a grim precipice on the chief island and at three o'clock next morning continued our voyage to Reykjavik, the Icelandic capital, ten hours' steaming from the Westmann Islands.

The weather had changed, and now a strong wind from the south was raising a short, choppy sea, and the great hills of the mainland were hidden in driving mist. We passed the promontory of Reykjanes, with its lonely lighthouse, and heard of the tragedy of the previous summer when the lighthouse-keeper's cow, grazing too near a hot spring, fell through the crust of solid earth and was boiled alive.

Outside Reykjavik a launch with customs officials came out to us and when customs formalities had been completed we steamed slowly in to the pier. The *Gullfoss* had no sooner made fast than we were invaded by so great a crowd of friends, relatives, porters and general hangers-on, that for a considerable time it was impossible to move.

My friend and I had only twelve days in Iceland; so, at the suggestion of a fellow passenger who visits Iceland each summer for the salmon fishing, we sought the offices of the Statourist institution. This admirable organization is staffed by the Icelandic government for the benefit of tourists and, without any charge or commission, arranges an itinerary for the stranger. Through Statourist we hired a car with an English-speaking driver for the surprisingly low figure of £2 : 15s. a day: this figure included petrol and oil.

It was arranged that we should start the following morning and

should visit first the south-west of Iceland, then travel north to Akureyri and Myvatn, haunt of wild-fowl.

A walk through Reykjavik that evening showed us well-paved streets, clean shops, and girls dressed as fashionably as in Edinburgh or London. It is sad that the Icelandic costume has almost disappeared, and is now worn only by the older women. I noticed that our captain's wife, who travelled with him on the voyage, wore the old becoming costume—a black silk skull-cap with long black tassels hanging down to the shoulder, a black bodice fastened in front with silver clasps, and a silver belt to hold up the long dark skirt.

At midnight I looked out of my window in the hotel. Even then the street below me was thronged with motor cars—unlighted, for it was still daylight.

Next morning as we stowed away our luggage in the Ford, Arctic terns flew delicately over the houses of Reykjavik. At a stone slip a motor boat was landing its catch of fish. It was Sunday morning, and I thought that no Scottish fisherman could have been persuaded to land his catch on a Sunday, but in Iceland this day seemed to be looked on mainly as a cheerful and innocent holiday.

At last all was ready, and in bright sunshine and clear, invigorating air we travelled at a high rate of speed through the outskirts of Reykjavik, moving for the first two miles along a broad, well-kept road that gave us quite the wrong impression of what Icelandic roads really were like. Our first stopping-place was to be Thingvellir, about thirty miles inland from Reykjavik, where the founders of the Icelandic constitution more than a thousand years ago held their Thing or Parliament.

As we left the last house of Reykjavik behind us we travelled beneath hills which still (the date was July 3) carried large snow drifts on their slopes. Sun and shade alternated on these hills. Some slopes were deep blue, others were red and in their shape and colour reminded me of the Red Hills of Lord MacDonald's Forest in the Isle of Skye.

We quickly received our introduction to the dust of the Icelandic roads. Iceland, a poor country, cannot afford to construct her roads of tar macadam. The road surface is sometimes of black lava, but is usually of loose earth and stones. A car driven along an Iceland road (I refer to the Class I roads, on which a speed of twenty to twenty-five miles an hour is possible) raises so great a cloud of dust that its course can be seen when it is several miles distant. Horsemen and pedestrians are smothered by these dust clouds when a car passes them, but, judging



The rounded hills and quiet waters of Iceland

from their expressions, they do not resent this—as people in Britain would certainly do.

After traversing open country the road, as it approaches Thingvellir, suddenly narrows and descends through a chasm to a clear river: a few hundred yards farther on, the inn, and the broad lake Thingvallavatn, are reached.

At the inn we left Simon our driver and walked to the shore of the lake. In my diary, written that morning, I find the following inscription of the scene:

I am sitting on a piece of driftwood on the shore of Thingvallavatn. The breeze is soft, the sky dappled with fleecy clouds. At my feet red-necked phalaropes are fearlessly picking insects off water which, in its clearness, rivals the lochs of the high Cairngorms.

The rock-strewn shore of the lake is rosy with the flowers of the cushion pink (*Silene acaulis*) and white with the relatively tall flower-heads of *Saxifraga hypnoides* and an *arabis*. A little way inland *Dryas octopetala* holds cream-coloured flowers to the northern sky. From the quiet waters of the lake has just come the loud, wild cry of a great northern diver.

One's first impressions of Iceland on leaving Reykjavik this morning have been the clearness of the air, the beauty of the clouds, and the golden-green of the grass in the small meadows.

Thingvallavatn resembles a Highland loch, or perhaps I should rather say a loch of the Outer Hebrides. But it differs from any loch of Scotland in the strong, clear springs which bubble up on its shores from cavernous depths so profound that even in this clearest of water the bottom is invisible. The phalaropes evidently love this pure water and their grace as they swim close past me is delightful. Beside me is a stone in the water. The waves wash floating insects on to this stone and the red-necked phalaropes sometimes land here and quickly pick up any insects seen by their keen eyes. Showers form over the high hills: a short shower of warm rain falls on the lake but is succeeded by sunshine. Arctic terns carrying small fish fly along the shore and in the air phalaropes court, happy at reaching their summer home after a long journey over stormy seas.

White wagtails flit across pools of crystal-clear water which forces itself to the light through larva cracks. There is an awe-inspiring character in these mighty springs of ice-cold water which tempt the wanderer to stoop and drink again and again of this wine of the earth's bosom.

Later that day we skirted the shore of the lake, drove along the river Sog which flows from it and reached the inn at Olfusarbri, where we were to stay the night. The road in places was so bad that even our cheery Simon was sometimes worried.

But during this drive—as during subsequent drives—the colouring of the Alpine flowers at the roadside more than compensated for the jolts and jars.

After an excellent supper of salmon, freshly netted from the river, we set out to explore the neighbouring country. Past the inn flowed a broad glacier torrent of milky, opaque water, surging mightily between low banks—the Hvíta or White River. We crossed this river by a suspension bridge, at which a gate-keeper stood. Although no toll was

ever requested, most of the bridges we subsequently crossed had their gate-keeper, and when the bridge was far from the nearest house a white tent housed the guardian of the bridge, who was invariably courteous and of a fine manly bearing.

Eiders flew low up the Hvíta. There was a nesting colony of these birds on an island in mid-stream, and on the island were hung the feathered skeletons of a raven and a greater black-backed gull—placed there as a warning to other winged marauders which might wish to steal the eiders' eggs. In Iceland the eider duck colonies are carefully protected, for the down which lines the nests is made into bed-coverings. On the river-bank, where it grew among *Silene acaulis* and *Dryas octopetala*, I saw for the first time the sweet-scented *Lychnis alpina*.

It was now eleven o'clock. On a neighbouring hillside low clouds were forming and were drifting fast on a fresh north wind that evidently was blowing there, although beside the river no wind stirred. A few minutes before midnight the northern sky was aflame with bars of high-floating clouds suffused with delicate pink. The air was invigorating and a heavy dew was now falling, after the dusty heat of the day, on the young green grass which grew beside the river. Arctic terns (these birds in Iceland seemed sleepless) were flying up the river to visit their mates or young broods on a grass-crowned pillar of rock which rose sturdily from the torrent in mid-stream. It was interesting to discover that in Iceland the Arctic tern feeds not only on fish, but on beetles and spiders on dry ground.

Next morning we set out for the upper waters of the river Thjórsá and travelled at first across a country which reminded me of the Outer Hebrides except that the mountain Hekla which rose ahead of us was a dome of snow and not dark like her sister of the same name in the Hebrides. Hekla of Iceland is as high as Ben Nevis in Scotland. It is a volcanic hill, and is known to have been active on 23 occasions between the years 1004 and 1776. The eruption of 1766 was particularly violent, and masses of rock were hurled from the belching crater to immense heights. During the eruption showers of snow, blackened by the volcanic dust, fell on the Orkney Islands, six hundred miles away.

We were sitting beside the river Thjórsá watching a family of grey lag geese when a party of mounted farmers passed. They were driving a great flock of sheep to the shearing, urging them on by the cracking of whips, and pressing forward on their ponies to head the flock off when it threatened to wander from the track. The mounted cavalcade

consisted of farmers and their sons and daughters: young girls, in wide trousers, rode their mounts skilfully, treating this outing as an exciting joke.

I sat on fresh green grass, in shelter from the wind, and watched Arctic terns catching beetles or spiders on sun-warmed banks and carrying them to their broods on the shingly islands of the Thjórsá. Snow-clad Hekla dominated the scene. The lower slopes of this fine hill were deep blue: on the snow-covered summit old glacier snow and ice were to be seen beside fresh white snow.

On marshy land near a neighbouring river I watched a pair of black-tailed godwits with young. The godwit is a handsome bird, rather smaller than a curlew, long-legged and with a beautiful brick-red breast. One of the godwits was very bold, and often flew close over my head or settled on a rock near, calling with a high-pitched whistling cry: the flight was delicate and hovering, very pretty to see.

Late that night we reached Laugarvatn. Here we saw the first of the hot springs for which Iceland is celebrated. The springs at Laugarvatn are put to good use. Over one of them a wooden hut has been built: in the hut it is possible to luxuriate in a steam bath and listen to the boiling water bubbling not more than a foot beneath the boards of the hut!

These hot springs give off a strong, sulphurous smell, not unpleasant. From the main spring a small clear stream flowed into the lake, and except that a little steam rose from it, there was nothing to warn the stranger that this clear, attractive water was hot enough to scald his finger.

The next day was the most memorable of the tour. We visited first the mighty fall of Gullfoss, then crossed a high pass to a glacier lake. At Gullfoss the milk-white torrent of the Hvíta river flows through a narrow gorge, then falls with stupendous power to a hidden abyss from which rise columns of spray which writhe and eddy, and spread far over the land. There is sensed here a primitive power, strange and arresting.

On the pleasant slopes above the gorge grew many alpine plants, bathed in the spray of the falls, and when we had left Gullfoss and were climbing the shoulder of Blafell we saw beside the road a small and delicate white bell-like flower with tiny zerophytic leaves—a species of cassiope. Here alpine flowers were in bloom actually between the car tracks and ptarmigan feathers lay on the road.

We were now on a broad, stony watershed perhaps 2000 feet above the sea. Beside us rose the cone of Blafell—a huge ghost-like hill



Seton Gordon

A party of mounted farmers driving a flock of sheep to the shearing

holding in its corries and gulleys great snow fields, ash-grey because of the fine dust which rested upon them: a waterfall hurrying through those gloomy snows was in comparison white and sparkling. It was here that we first saw the dust clouds of Iceland—great clouds of fine larval dust caught up and carried away on the wind.

From a parched hill slope near a glacier clouds of dust rolled heavenward like some cold fire. When it had reached a considerable height the dust cloud thinned and hung suspended over the hill, like some strange brown-tinted shower, the rays of the sun shining through it and illuminating it so that it shone with a pale yellow glow.

Ahead of us was the glacier lake, Hvítárvatn, with a huge glacier, contorted and cracked in a thousand places, at its head, and above the glacier a precipice, very grim and dark. On a boulder beside this cold, turgid lake a snow bunting sang and among the ice-floes which drifted on its surface a whooper swan moved proudly, its plumage as cold and pure as the drifting ice.

At midnight we reached Geysir.

This place takes its name from the Great Geysir which usually lies quietly in its smooth silicious basin a couple of hundred yards from the inn, which we found to be a pleasant, wood-panelled building heated

to a comfortable temperature by a water circulation from hot springs which bubbled beside it. Until half-past one in the morning I wrote at my window. Throughout the daylight night, steam from the hot springs drifted slowly on the breeze but in shelter of the inn the foliage of the rowan trees, planted and tended with care, scarcely stirred.

We had hoped to see the Great Geysir in eruption. An eruption is usually arranged by a large quantity of soap (over 100 lb.) being dropped into the mouth of the geysir, but on this occasion, although the spring was fed with the requisite amount of soap, the eruption did not take place until the following morning, and we were unable to wait to see it.

From Geysir we returned to the neighbourhood of Reykjavik, then travelled north, to Blonduos, Akureyri and the bird-haunted country of Myvatn.

That drive northwards to Blonduos was memorable. At eleven in the evening we reached Vatnsdalur, a valley strange and lovely in the light of the sinking sun. Its hills are not high enough to carry perpetual snow, but the lingering drifts of snow, and indeed the whole north-west slopes of the hills, were bathed in a pink flush by the rays of the low sun. Near the sea white mists lay and even as we passed one slope the icy north wind, now fallen to the lightest of airs, breathed on that sun-warmed bank, and a thin cloud, forming over it, grew like Manannan's cloak of invisibility. We now drove through curious glacier moraines which rose everywhere like giant mole-hills. Each was bathed in the sunset glow and seemed like the phantom of a dream. At eleven o'clock the sun still travelled toward the north, low above the ocean's rim. Strange spirits perhaps haunted this fairyland during these magic minutes. We watched the sun's lower rim sink below the sea. In Britain sunset would have followed quickly, but here, close to the Arctic Circle, the sun, now apparently afloat, continued to sail north, his feet bathed in the sea, his body still glowing with fire. At 11.15 half of him was submerged and at 11.30, as we descended a slope of less than 100 feet to the pleasant township of Blonduos, he was gone, to stride north for a brief hour until the time of his rising.

From Blonduos we drove through lonely hill passes, where glacier torrents flowed, and that evening it was a curious sensation to descend to the town of Akureyri with its seaport, its shops, its smartly-dressed girls with high-heeled shoes, its taxi-stand, and even its one-way traffic! Here, in the far north of Iceland, we saw for the first time well-grown trees. In the town square were rowan trees in blossom,

and graceful birches: in the gardens were Sitka spruces, and at least one larch.

From Akureyri we continued on our journey north-east to Myvatn, where we arrived after midnight, in thick mist and low temperature, and lodged with the priest beside the lake.

Next morning was cold and sunless, yet I had not been many minutes out of the house before breakfast when I realized that Myvatn, Lake of Flies, is well named. Despite the attacks of semi-torpid flies which entered my eyes and crawled through my hair I could see that Myvatn was the home of innumerable birds. After a breakfast of porridge and trout, my friend and I hired the local motor boat and moved out over the lake, leaving the flies behind. Ahead of us large numbers of Barrow's goldeneye drakes took wing reluctantly, and great flocks of red-necked phalaropes were also in the air. From a low grassy island, fringed with dwarf willows, a thin mist appeared to be rising. We asked the boatman if there was a hot spring on the island, but he told us that this was no cloud, but a vast swarm of insects—and as we neared the isle we saw that he was right. Flies in tens of thousands were slowly rising, falling, or swaying from side to side in tall pillars, so dense that all view beyond them was hidden. Many scaup ducks were nesting on this island, and we learned that the people of the district use their eggs as food. On another island long-tailed ducks were nesting. Here grew an unusual yellow flower, which the Director of Kew Gardens afterwards was kind enough to identify for me as *Erysimum hieracifolium*, a flower rare in Iceland but found in Siberia, Russia and India.

Rowans and birches on this island reached a respectable size, and although it was July the leaves of the rowan trees were not yet fully open. On a small tree-fringed tarn on this island I watched two large families of long-tailed ducks. The small, sooty ducklings swam and dived with skill and as the broods frequently intermingled their parents must have had difficulty in identifying them. Out on the lake the drakes were swimming, their long tail streamers held jauntily over their backs.

The hills which rise around Lake Myvatn are barren and in appearance rather sinister: one of them held a crater that must have been almost a mile in diameter.

Although the sun continued to shine on the snowy peaks beyond Akureyri the weather during our two days' stay at Myvatn was persistently overcast and we were not sorry to take the road again and set out toward the sun-bathed valleys of southern Iceland.

Moghul Gardens of Kashmir

by ARTHUR EGERTON

THE oriental concept of a garden, based on the idea of life in the oasis and death in the encircling desert, was elaborated in Persia and Central Asia where the landscape offers vivid contrasts. Nowhere else do such extremes of climate follow each other, from brief flowering spring to summer's heat and winter's cold. To survive in such conditions, plants have to be carefully cultivated in an enclosed space.

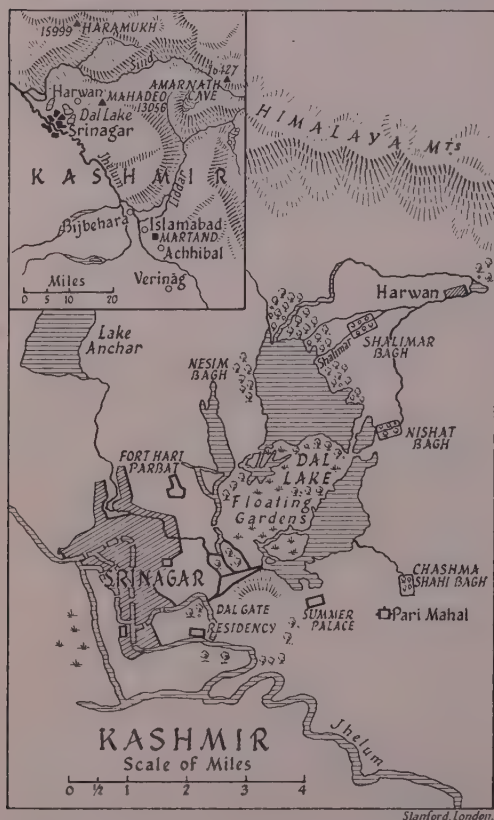
Running water must always form the essential, and central, feature of a Persian garden; for in its dependence on irrigation the Persian differs from the formal Italian garden, with which in other respects it has so much in common. For the fountains

and waterfalls in Italy are purely decorative; whereas in the East the flowing water is actually the source of all plant life in the garden, which would otherwise wither away under the fierce sunshine.

The desert extends all round the eastern garden, right up to its boundaries, which are formed by a high battlemented wall. The larger gardens in the Moghul style usually possess a lofty main entrance gateway, with additional entrances in each of the other walls, and octagonal towers set at the four corners, the aim being to produce a symmetrical *ensemble*. The square or rectangular area of the enclosure may be subdivided into smaller square parterres, thus providing a favourite motif for many of the carpet designs of the period. For the same reason the 12th-century Persian poet Sa'adi divides his most famous work *Gulestan* or 'Rose Garden' into eight parts, suggestive of the eight terraces or parts of the Paradise garden of the Koran, the classic ideal of a perfect garden.

When, in the 16th century, the Moghuls conquered Northern India they brought with them garden traditions from their original home in Turkestan. Babar, the first of the Moghul Emperors, was passionately devoted to the cultivation of flowers, as he records in his Memoirs, and there are numerous miniature paintings in our national collections portraying him or his successors, such as Akbar, posing gracefully in their palace gardens.

Akbar was the first to make the upland valley of Kashmir the imperial summer seat. He founded Nesim Bagh, 'The Garden of Cool Breezes', on the banks of the Dal Lake near Srinagar. In summer a number of houseboats are to be found moored alongside the garden, and the turf which covers the ruined masonry of the terraces is a favourite camping-ground.



This is a black and white reproduction of a Persian miniature painting. The scene is set indoors, featuring a large, ornate rug with a central medallion and intricate floral patterns. Several figures are depicted: a man in a turban and robe sits on the left, gesturing towards a woman seated in the foreground. Another man in a turban and robe sits on the right, looking towards the center. A woman in a turban and robe is seated in the foreground, looking towards the center. In the background, a landscape with mountains and a body of water is visible through an open doorway. The painting is framed by a decorative border.

والمراد بالدين محمد ههنا كبرياؤنا بالاسماء والادب باسعاد الكفيت در روز تجارته نند محمد

is fitting that the Mogul Emperors of Delhi, the Great Moghuls, should be portrayed against a background of their palace gardens. For, after their conquest of Northern India, they were about introducing the traditions of garden-making practised in their former home, Turkestan. Jahangir (1482-1530), the first Moghul Emperor, is shown here on the right; below him is his grandson and successor, Akbar (1542-1605). On the left at the top is Humayun (1508-1556) who does not come into our story, and below him Shahangir (1569-1627) who succeeded his father, Akbar, and made one of the loveliest gardens in Kashmir — Shalimar. These portraits are from the MSS. of Shah Jahan, Jahangir's son, now in the British Museum.



Myrtle Winter

Most of the Moghul gardens of Kashmir are within a few miles of Srinagar. A houseboat moored alongside Nesim Bagh, Akbar's 'garden of cool breezes', on the western shores of Dal Lake

From beneath the boughs of the old chinar or plane trees, which are still in their prime, campers may enjoy a view that is today no less enchanting than when the emperor first chose the site.

Jahangir, Akbar's son and successor, is said to have had such a love for Kashmir that in his estimation it outweighed the rest of his Indian Empire. It was he who created those magnificent gardens on the other side of the Dal Lake which are the supreme example of the traditions derived from Persia. He was greatly assisted in his task by his beautiful and talented Persian wife, Mihr-un-Nissa, 'Seal of Womankind', better known by her later titles of Nur-Mahal, 'Light of the Palace', and Nur-Jahan, 'Light of the World'. In their day there were 777 gardens in the vicinity of Dal Lake, and the yearly revenue from attar of roses and musk alone amounted to a lakh of rupees.

The gardens were for a long time allowed to remain in disrepair. Under British supervision they have since been restored to something of their former splendour, but the cultivation of dazzling flower-beds is not necessarily the conception of landscape gardening most in harmony with local traditions of climate and religion.

In the far corner of the north side of the lake, and separated from it only by several connecting canals which form the water approach, lies the famous Shalimar Bagh, 'The Abode of Love'. It was laid out originally round a series of pavilions, still standing, that formed an imperial summer residence, and the grounds, though open to the public, are maintained as a royal domain by His Highness the present Maharaja of Kashmir. The traditional plan of royal pleasure-grounds has been strictly followed. The garden, which is 600 yards long and 270 yards broad, is

divided into three parts. The first or outer section used to extend down to the water's edge; but the boundary on the lake-side has now been moved back to make room for the wide road which skirts the far side of the lake. It terminates at the first large pavilion, formerly the Divan-i-Am or Public Audience Hall, and between this and the middle pavilion was the central portion consisting of the emperor's garden. The third and most beautiful part formed the harem garden for the private use of the empress and her ladies.

Shallow watercourses, paved with marble slabs, or in places with a flooring of blue tiles, and intersected by cross channels allow the main stream to run the entire length of the garden. The flow of water enters the garden from the stream issuing out of the mountain reservoir at Harwan, and descends from one terrace level to another in smooth cascades of crystal-clear

water. The square tanks or sheets of water and the streams which feed them are kept brimful but never overflow their sides. Stone paths border the canals or cross them by means of square slabs laid as stepping-stones.

A wide waterfall splashes opposite the pavilion of black marble, built in the centre of the rear portion of the garden and known as the Queen's Pavilion. It is surrounded by a sheet of water into which the stream has opened out and the arches of this *baradari* or twelve-doored marble summer-house look out on to the small fountain jets which play around in the water. The interior of the pavilion contains a central chamber with a painted ceiling of carved woodwork; this is the coolest spot in which to enjoy the garden during the hottest part of the day, when the sweet scent of the plants drifts in mingled with the spray of the fountains.



Murtle Winter

Dal Lake is studded with lotus and lily flowers



Mrytle Winter

Dal Lake around which in the days of Jahangir 777 gardens were grouped

The view from the veranda embraces tall cypress trees and other dark shrubs in the foreground silhouetted against polished marble pavements and glassy sheets of water; a glimpse of snow-capped Mahadeo topping the mountain-range in the background completes the scene.

This old, historic garden, in contrast to its namesake at Lahore—the other Shalimar—which is now a cold monument of the past, still possesses the warmth and beauty of a living thing. But there is an air of melancholy in its deserted lawns and cool shady alleys of poplars sighing in the breeze not to be found in other favoured resorts of Kashmir.

On rare occasions and for state receptions the Maharaja gives a display of fireworks here and when the gardens are illuminated they become the setting of a scene more fairylike than ever. Among the gardens of the Fort at Delhi were some specially dedicated to use on moonlit

nights. For Indians have inherited a love of 'gardens of nightingales and roses', as described in Persian lyrics, and still revel in the intoxication of such an atmosphere. On state occasions in olden days the Emperor used to show himself to the people of Kashmir seated on the small black marble throne which still stands, in the Divan-i-Am pavilion, over the cascade of water that, after running right through the building, falls into the tank below. In the niches in the walls little earthenware lamps would be set which twinkled like glow-worms through the shining falls of water; and a rosy light radiated from the arches of the pavilion so that the fluted cupolas glowed like great iridescent shells poised above the water. Overhead, fire balloons stained the velvet twilight of the sky with a flush of violet and rockets flashed out like shooting stars to sink slowly in showers of coloured sparks.

Nishat Bagh, 'The Garden of Gladness',



from 'The Spirit of India' (Batsford)

Ewing Galloway

Shalimar Bagh, 'the abode of love', created by Jahangir and his wife, Nur-Mahal: looking out over the fountain court from the black marble pavilion built by Shah Jahan, Jahangir's son



Ewing Galloway

Nishat Bagh, the 'garden of gladness' built by Asaf Khan, Nur-Mahal's brother, seen from the lakeside pavilion. On a raised terrace at the further end the zenana garden stands. It overlooks the twelve terraces—one for each sign of the zodiac—by which the garden rises from the shores of Dal Lake

is situated further along towards the centre of Dal Lake in the direction of Srinagar. It is preferable to arrive by boat in a *shikara*, the gondola of Srinagar, in which case one must pass through a bridge under the causeway separating the main lake from a smaller lagoon often overgrown with reeds and large pink lotus flowers which are ablaze in July.

Approaching in this way, one gains a full impression of the garden's commanding position and can take in at a glance the many terraces—there are said to be as many as twelve, one for each sign of the Zodiac according to one tradition—terminating in the sheer wall of mountain. When seen from the water, some distance away, the topmost wall and parapet of the

zenana garden seem to nestle beneath the frowning crags of the cliff which towers up to a height of several thousand feet behind.

You can land at the mooring-stage in front of the entrance to the garden, which is guarded by a two-storeyed pavilion flanked by projecting wooden alcoves. On each side of the waterfall that pours out from under the pavilion wind covered stairways, built in the thickness of the terrace wall, so that one is not exposed to the glare of the sun during the exertion of going up or down the stairs. The latticed windows of the upper storey in front command fine views over the lake, and those at the back look over the fountain court immediately below and over the garden with its sunny

terraces and cascades sparkling through the trees under the mountainside.

By way of contrast to Shalimar, Nishat Bagh should be visited on a popular holiday. The spectacular brilliance of the scene almost makes you gasp for breath if you enter the garden suddenly for the first time on some such occasion as the Hindu New Year Festival of *Besaukhi*: then every rosebud is bursting, every branch is laden with thick blossom; the birds are singing, and the bushes sprouting fresh leaves. The people in their holiday dress of bright-coloured silks and velvets throng the terraces and stroll up and down and in and out of the trees, through which they flash like birds of paradise. Down the centre of the garden the stream rushes merrily along and glides over the water-chutes of fretted marble, tumbling in short cascades and spurting up again through the fountain jets.

As you mount higher and higher up each flight of steps you look down on the animated scene below through billows of fruit blossom, like crisp foam, white, pink and plum colour. You can catch glimpses of people among the dense bushes of scented lilac and ragwort and under the shade of the old plane trees where family groups are gathered, picnicking or smoking hookahs at their ease. The velvet green lawns on which they recline are like carpets spread out and studded with patterns of daisies, wild tulips, anemones and fritillaries.

Nishat Bagh was originally a private garden and the property of Asaf Khan who made it. He was the Prime Minister and father-in-law of Shah Jahan, and there is an amusing story of what happened one day when he was showing the Emperor the splendid view from the wall of the zenana garden—which overlooks the rest of the grounds, because it stands eighteen feet above the terrace immediately below it. From here through avenues of trees are disclosed wonderful vistas of the snow mountains across the lake, with fresh ranges

emerging and withdrawing into the shifting banks of clouds.

Shah Jahan expressed his admiration so definitely that he expected a present to be made to him of the garden and felt deeply offended when Asaf Khan failed to offer it. As a mark of spite he ordered the water supply to be cut off, the source of the stream, like that of Shalimar Bagh, being at Harwan. The plants and flowers quickly began to wither, but one day Asaf Khan after taking his siesta woke to hear the familiar sound of the splash of fountains and the swish of the water-chutes. The Emperor's orders had been defied and the dam removed by a faithful



A. Egerton

Corner of the pavilion at Nishat Bagh showing the wooden-latticed upper windows and, below, the painted wooden pillars of the fountain hall

servant in order to please his master. Asaf Khan, alarmed, immediately had the dam replaced; when, however, the Emperor heard of the incident he not only rewarded the servant, but granted his master perpetual right to draw water from the Shalimar stream.

High up on a bluff above the lake are the ruins of an ancient Moslem palace, the Pari Mahal. Near by, tucked away in the hollow of the hills, lies Chashma Shahi Bagh, 'The Garden of the King's Spring', flashing like a little jewel in its setting of grey walls. As it is somewhat distant from the others this garden is less often visited, but the journey repays the climb up to it, especially if it is made in springtime when one can pass through a mile or more of orchards in bloom.

The plan is similar to that of the other examples of medieval pleasure-grounds in

Kashmir except that it is on a miniature scale, the whole area covering no more than an acre. The garden consists of two small adjoining courts, with old lilac and fruit trees growing round the walls and rose trees planted in parterres traversed by the usual stone-flagged paths.

The spring, a remarkably cool and pure one, comes gushing straight from the hill-side out of a large, carved marble basin under the central arch of the upper pavilion, at the side of which there is another well-head for the use of the country people, who can draw off their water without having to enter the garden. The stream bubbles over a chute, making its way down to a small reservoir in the lower garden where fountains are made to play. Flights of steps lead to the upper rooms in the lower pavilion between the two courts, and there are painted ceilings and latticed alcove



A. Egerton

Looking out over the gateway from Chashma Shahi Bagh, 'garden of the King's spring'—a little jewel in a setting of grey walls—towards Dal Lake and the amphitheatre of surrounding mountains



A. Egerton

The central pavilion in the garden of Achhibal is built in the Kashmiri style, with timbering of carved cedar-wood. It overlooks a large pool and was formerly reserved for the use of the harem

windows. The view is over the gateway and out across a sea of orchards, and poplars fringing the Dal Lake, which is ringed round by an amphitheatre of mountains.

Every year thousands of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of India make their way up the Lidar Valley to the Amarnath Cave under the Kolahoi Glacier; the goal of their pilgrimage is the frozen spring of Siva, the Preserver. On their way they halt at the ancient Temple of Martand, perched on a plateau above Islamabad.

From there you may look down upon the submerged rice-fields glistening in the sunshine like a huge sea of gold: here and there villages stand out like islands lapped by the flood, and the shores are bounded by the bastions and castellated heights of Pir Panjal. The peaks, in close jostling groups, that shut in the top end of the valley, have now revealed broader tracts of snowfields that abut onto the dark

forests of sombre pine and fir. Where these leave off, the brighter woodland on the lower slopes begins. In places it is broken up into glades dotted with clumps of hawthorn; and on the grassy hillside grow peonies and the wild rose of Kashmir. At the point where a long spur of hill projects into the valley winding at our feet is the garden of Achhibal.

No more picturesque spot could be imagined: numerous springs gush out of the ground all around, so that the whole air hums with the murmur of babbling brooks. The garden itself is much less formal in character and is on that account preferred by many. There is a distinct air of rustic decay: the doorway beside which the all-pervading stream pours out in a substantial torrent is overgrown with honeysuckle and wistaria and the dilapidated walls of the adjoining buildings are buried under a profusion of clematis, jasmine and lilac. The top terrace of the garden ends



A. Egerton

The ruined garden of Verinag—greatly loved by Nur-Mahal, Jahangir's Queen. The alcoves round the octagonal tank, in which a blue-green spring rises, are all that remain of their palace

abruptly with a solid wall of cliff like a drop-scene at the back of the stage; at the bottom of this the stream comes welling up in a natural vaulted grotto. Many of the limestone cliffs in the region of the Lidar Valley are honeycombed with such caves; some near Islamabad penetrate several hundred feet into the rock and have been used as Hindu shrines. The ruined archway spanning the spring is all that is left of the original Moghul buildings, but a little distance off are some summer-houses erected later in the Kashmiri style with timbering of carved cedar-wood. The central pavilion overlooks a large pool; this was formerly the part reserved for the harem.

Its excellent trout streams are what attracts most visitors to Achhibal nowadays, but those with a feeling for the past

can best sense its haunting charms by moonlight.

We have now to complete the last lap of our journey and trace the slow-gliding river to its source in the enfolding foothills. The shadows deepen in the folds of the hills as we approach Verinag, where a secret spring of deep blue water issues from a ledge on the mountain slopes. Here was believed to be the source of the Jhelum—'The Fabulous Hydaspes' of the ancient Greeks—and here Jahangir and Nur-Mahal had their palace, of which all that is left is the octagonal tank built round the spring. It consists of twenty-four arched alcoves built of stone; one of them serves as the outlet by which the stream passes through a dark tunnel and so on through the garden. This was laid out afresh comparatively recently and is separated from the tank by a

picturesque cluster of latticed summer-houses and turfed wooden bridges.

One of the duties of the Brahmin in charge of the spring is to gather fresh flowers daily from the garden and offer them at the shrine. Passing pilgrims often join him at his devotions and scatter their tribute of roses on the water. He also feeds the sacred carp in the tank, the largest of which in the days of Jahangir are said to have borne the Queen's monogram inscribed on gold rings pierced through their gills. Mrs Villiers Stuart, who records this fact in her book on *Gardens of the Great Mughals*, gives also a delightful rendering of Jahangir's inscription on a black marble slab set in the wall; it runs:

The King raised this building to the skies.
The Angel Gabriel suggested its date, 1609.

And the mason's tablet recording the completion of the work seven years later:

God be praised! What a canal, and what a waterfall! Constructed by Haider by order of the King of the World, the Paramount Lord of his Age, this canal is a type of the canal in Paradise; this waterfall is the glory of Kashmir.

It was here that Jahangir fell ill before

starting on his last homeward journey to India. He was hurrying back to try to quell the rebellion raised by his son Shah Jahan, and expired as winter overtook him on the mountain pass above. When asked on his deathbed if he wanted anything. "Only Kashmir," he replied; and his last request was that his body might be brought back and buried by his beloved blue spring at Verinag.

His wishes, however, were disregarded, for his final resting-place was near Lahore in Dilkusha Bagh, Nur-Mahal's 'Garden of Heart's Delight', where the unhappy Begum herself was forced to end her days. Nur-Mahal is one of the few distinguished women whose careers are outstanding in Indian history, though Mumtaz Mahal, Shah Jahan's wife, eclipsed her in the splendour of her tomb. Jahangir's end was eventually expiated when Shah Jahan in his turn was deposed by his son Aurangzeb and imprisoned till his death in Agra Fort. There from his prison window in the Jasmine Tower he was able to gaze out across the waters of the Jumna at the Taj Mahal, that white marvel he had created for a memorial to enshrine his wife's tomb and his own.



Shah Jahan, and Mumtaz Mahal, his wife, over whose tomb he built the Taj Mahal at Agra

Secrets I stole from the Cuckoo

by B. MELVILLE NICHOLAS

THE cuckoo comes to this country in April, the males usually arriving a few days ahead of the females; but differences of opinion have always existed about many of the habits of this notable visitor. Pains-taking naturalists and nature photographers have discovered much, but some mystery and uncertainty still exist.

My personal observations of the cuckoo are spread over a period of more than twenty years and lead me to believe that when the birds reach this country the sexes take up different territories for a week or two, the males residing in certain areas and the females choosing others. Cuckoos are, of course, polyandrous and do not pair as other birds do. It is some little while before the sexes freely associate, and were it not for their peculiar call-note, the birds would be with us for many weeks without our being aware of it; for, being secretive, they are seldom seen.

Almost everybody is familiar with the cuckoo's call-note and probably no spring migrant is more eagerly awaited. Not everybody, however, recognizes the bubbling love-calls of the female; yet these are uttered almost as regularly—especially during the mating season—as the more familiar call.

For a number of years my field records show that on each year I have first heard the cuckoo in the early hours of the morning. But from the moment it reaches this country, its voice may be heard almost continuously from dawn to sunset. Indeed, the old adage which says

April he sounds his bell;
May he sings night and day;
June he alters his tune;
July he gets ready to fly,

expresses a certain amount of truth, for during the month of May the bird may be heard well on into the dusk. Later, the cuckoo's note varies, and July—or August at the very latest—sees the departure of the adult birds.

It is well known that this slate-grey summer visitor, which in flight so closely resembles a kestrel that smaller birds tremble at its approach,

is unique among British birds in that it does not incubate its own eggs. Neither does the female build herself a nest, yet during her short stay in this country she lays a number of eggs and her species continue to flourish and increase.

That the cuckoo's eggs are hatched out by other birds into whose nests they are deposited is agreed upon by all; but how the eggs get into the foster-parent's nest is a question about which agreement has not been reached. Some say that the cuckoo lays her egg on the ground and then carries it in her beak to the chosen nest; others, that the bird lays her egg directly into the nest selected; whilst there are those who believe that individual cuckoos vary in their ways and that both methods are used.

My usual procedure each spring, in trying to wrest these secrets from the cuckoo, is to locate a field, meadow or area of land which cuckoos have frequented in former years and search for the nests of those birds commonly victimized by the cuckoo.

Last year I was permitted to erect a 'hide' in a small meadow through which a stream flowed where I had located a number of nests belonging to meadow pipits, pied wagtails, hedge accentors, reed warblers and whitethroats. It was an ideal situation for the cuckoo, for these are the birds most frequently burdened with the cuckoo's egg and, later on, with the rearing of the young cuckoo.

My hide consisted of four six-foot poles, pushed into the ground and kept apart by a wire frame placed over the top. A piece of canvas (green for working in fields and brown for wooded area, to harmonize with the surroundings) was securely fixed to the frame by buttons and then the whole structure camouflaged by gorse and bracken. From this I looked out upon the meadow; feeling sure that some of the nests I had located would be used by cuckoos, which were numerous in that particular area.

Later events proved that I was right, for on April 20 the first cuckoo appeared and by the end of the month several had made careful searches among the bracken, bushes and reed-beds in the meadows.

Like all migratory birds the cuckoo arrives in this country some weeks before breeding and during this period selects nests in which to lay when the time arrives; but I have never known a cuckoo choose a nest in which the rightful owner's eggs were being incubated. This credits the cuckoo with remarkable forethought or instinct, as, were

she to do so, the foster-parent's eggs would hatch out sooner than her own; but in a number of cases I have known her to decide upon a nest in course of construction and to visit it frequently until its completion.

Before laying her egg the cuckoo spends a considerable time sitting motionless on some conspicuous perch near the chosen nest. I have known her sit for four hours. Actually there is nothing unusual about this for a similar time is spent by other birds on their nests before laying.

When she is, eventually, ready to lay she glides to the nest, forces her way through any obstructing growth and, after taking one of the rightful owner's eggs in her beak, lays her own egg into the nest just as any other bird would do. This usually takes less than a minute, after which the cuckoo flies back to her perch where she eats the stolen egg.

It is probably these stolen eggs in the cuckoo's beak that lead observers to cling to the often accepted theory that she first lays her eggs on the ground and then carries them in her beak to the nest. But with the aid of field-glasses and at close range, I have observed many instances of cuckoos placing their eggs into the nests of various species of birds, and each time the method has been the same.

Whether individual cuckoos vary in their methods I cannot say, but I think it extremely unlikely and after years of patient and persistent observation, I support the theory that the birds lay their eggs into the nest, for never once have I come across any evidence to the contrary.

The egg is small considering the size of the bird and laying takes place only on alternate days. The number of eggs to be credited to each bird in one season is, of course, difficult to determine, but I put it at from four to six. The eggs vary considerably in colour and markings but the majority have a dirty-grey surface thinly spotted with brown and red. They often contrast in colour with those of the fosterer: for instance, with the bright blue eggs of the hedge accentor (commonly but inaccurately called hedge-sparrow); but, on the other hand, they harmonize with the eggs of the pied wagtail, whose nest the cuckoos often use.

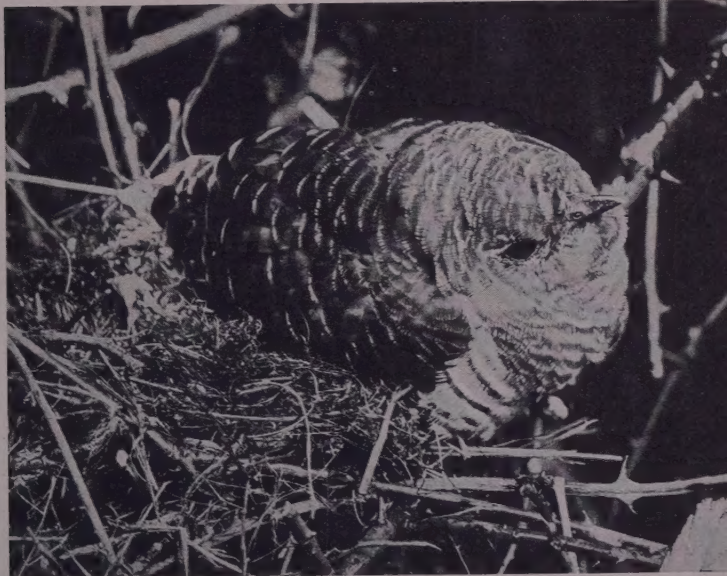
Some cuckoos are worse egg-thieves than others, for whilst some only steal on each alternate day, when they lay, I have seen others steal indiscriminately. I know of a meadow pipit's nest from which a cuckoo stole an egg each day for three days in succession. On the third day she laid her own egg into the nest and when the pipit began incubating she had only one of her own eggs on which to sit: the other was the cuckoo's.

*Cuckoo's egg surrounded by
the eggs of a hedge-sparrow
in whose nest it was laid*



Photographs by B. Melville

*Once the hedge-sparrows have
hatched, and been thrown out,
their portion goes to the
cuckoo, which in consequence
grows so quickly that soon it
becomes too big for the nest*



*Even after it has left the nest
the cuckoo continues to make
demands for food on the foster-
parents it has bereaved: hedge-
sparrow feeding her 'baby'*



Yet the little meadow pipit accepted the situation and hatched both eggs. But tragedy had not yet forsaken that little nest in a small cavity under the grass; for, when three days old, the young cuckoo decided to eject its bed-fellow and out of the nest went the meadow pipit's only chick to certain death.

Nature having equipped the young cuckoo with strong legs, it is able to shuffle about in the nest until it gets a nestling on its back, and the cuckoo's back in infancy is peculiarly broad and hollow. Then, standing on its legs, the pirate gently backs its burden up the side of the nest and bundles it over. This is repeated until all the other nest-mates are ejected and the infant cuckoo has the sole occupancy of the nursery. Any unhatched eggs are treated similarly: the extraordinary way in which it is accomplished has to be seen in order to be fully appreciated.

Strangely enough the foster-parents pay no heed at all to their expelled young; quite callously allowing them to die, and giving all their attention to the raising of the young cuckoo.

Their task is no easy one for the cuckoo is a gluttonous baby, always clamouring for food and unless well and regularly fed behaves very disagreeably. One thing is quite certain and that is that the small birds victimized by the adult cuckoo could never find sufficient food for their own brood as well as for the young cuckoo; so it is a wise provision of Nature to endow the cuckoo with the instinct to eject its nest-fellows. Moreover, the nursery could not accommodate them, for the cuckoo itself grows so quickly that it soon has to sit on the nest instead of in it.

Long after the young cuckoo has left the nursery the foster-parents continue to feed it; other birds seem to heed its needs too, for I have seen whitethroats and buntings bring food to a young cuckoo which has been reared in a wagtail's nest. I have seen adult cuckoos perching quite close to young ones, but I have never seen any feeding take place; neither do I know if those particular fledglings were the progeny of those adults.

Normally, however, adult cuckoos take no active interest in their offspring and although the adults leave this country in July, the youngsters remain with us some weeks longer, which goes to prove that they need no parental instinct to guide them on their migratory journey to Africa, where they sojourn until the following spring.